M M. Blum
Mit Comps. of
A M Binham



Wagner.

BEETHOVEN;

BY

RICHARD WAGNER.

TRANSLATED

With the Author's Express Permission and Approbation,

BY

ALBERT R. PARSONS.

INDIANAPOLIS:
BENHAM BROTHERS.
1873.

STEREOTYPED AT THE FRANKLIN TYPE FOUNDRY, CIN'TI.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE author of the present work felt impelled to contribute something on his part also to the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of our great BEETHOVEN, and no other opportunity which he considered worthy of the occasion being offered to him, chose for that purpose a written presentation of his ideas of the significance of Beethoven's music as it has revealed itself to him. The form of the treatise which arose from this was suggested to him by the conception that he was called upon to deliver a festival oration at an ideal celebration of the great musician; while, at the same time, as this oration was not actually to be delivered, he had the advantage of being able to present his ideas with greater minuteness than would have been allowed before an actual audience. It thus became possible to him to accompany the

reader in a more profound investigation of the essential nature of music, and to furnish for the consideration of persons of earnest culture a contribution to the philosophy of music, in which light the present work may be regarded, upon the one hand, while upon the other, the assumption that it was actually to be pronounced as an oration before a German audience on a fixed day of this unusually important year, led naturally to warm reference to the thrilling events of the present time. As it was possible for the author to design and execute his work under the immediate impression of these events, it may accordingly enjoy the advantage of having rendered possible, during a profounder excitation of German temperament, a more intimate contact with the depth of German mind than might be attainable in the ordinary course of national life.

LUCERNE, *September*, 1870.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

UNDERTAKING the study of an æsthetical work, originally written in a foreign language, is not unlike visiting a foreign land. The intellectual atmosphere and surroundings are often so different from those to which we have been accustomed in the literature of our native tongue that the enjoyment derived from the ideas we receive is apt, at first, to be mingled with more or less mental fatigue. The mind's eye frequently has to become adapted and accustomed to the new lights and hues ere it can dwell with unalloyed satisfaction on the outlines and proportions of the objects presented for its contemplation. And if this be true of æsthetical or philosophical works in general, it is so in an enhanced degree of the writings of Richard Wagner. A bold,

and at the same time, profound speculator and thinker, his style is so immediate an outgrowth of his intellectual individuality that it is every-where recognised as highly characteristic, and it necessarily presents unusual difficulties to a translator who endeavors to unite perfect intelligibility with the closest adherence to the Author's style and order of thought. Wagner never hesitates to remould, or even coin a word, when a more concise and forcible expression will thus be given to the thought, and the present translator therefore deemed it advisable, in several places, to take the same liberty with his own language in order to avoid tedious circumlocutions. But those who are willing to overlook, for the time being, such features of the present edition of "Beethoven" as may appear unwonted, will be abundantly rewarded by the wealth of thought, on an unusually broad range of subjects, which our Author here offers the thinking public.

In Germany, amidst the heat and confusion of party warfare, a fair and just estimate of the book has, as yet, hardly been attained by the public at

large: as a rule, praise in broad and general terms, or careless and bitter invective has been its lot. But in the neutral æsthetic fields of America, it may hope for that earnest, dispassionate consideration which alone is conducive to the interests of artistic truth. Thus received it will prove a productive ferment in our æsthetic thought, hitherto so barren; for Wagner is a most suggestive writer, and wherever his works, artistic or theoretical, make their way, they never fail to animate both friend and foe to renewed exertion, and thus both directly and indirectly to further the progress of art, and æsthetical science.

The work is not a biography. The musician to whose genius Wagner offers this tribute of his admiration, is here regarded as a typical man for his art and nation; and also as a composer whose works, and whose artistic importance are but imperfectly to be appreciated if judged in accordance with systems of musical æsthetics founded on analogies drawn from plastic art.—"Glorious predecessors" had indeed "wrested from the sway of fashion and

ephemeral taste, the material which he was to employ in such an incomparably individual manner;" but the tendency of their works was a formal one. On these works, for instance, is based Dr. Hanslick's doctrine that "the sole contents of music are moving, sounding forms." But although as a class "æstheticians," following Dr. Hanslick, still limit the legitimate sphere of music to such a mere intellectual play with form, and deny it the power of speech, under Beethoven music itself, to use Dr. Ambros' simile, has taken very much the same course with them that Diogenes took with certain philosophers who denied that there was or could be such a thing as motion, when in reply he simply rose and walked, i. e., *music has spoken.* And its utterances have been of such a nature as to entitle it to a position of the highest importance in relation to modern art, thought, and civilisation; for "in Beethoven's music *the world explains itself as definitely to every consciousness as the most profound philosophy could explain it to a thinker well-versed in its most abstract conceptions.*"

Attempts have already been made to correct the one-sidedness of that school of æstheticians who attach artistic value in music to the element of form alone; i. e., that element which has its origin, not in the eternal nature of things, but in conceptions of human "reason." But the staple of these attempts has been eloquent appeals to universal consciousness, while a sufficient scientific basis was wanting. Now as materialism in æsthetics or in science in general is not to be met by appeals to that soul or those poetic-musical feelings which both schools of materialists deny that they possess, a philosophical basis had to be sought for an anti-materialistic science of musical æsthetics, and a better one could scarcely be found than that on which the present treatise rests; the system of Arthur Schopenhauer, the great idealist, who, reviving in an individual and powerful manner, Plato's doctrine of "Ideas," meets the adherents of the theory that the basis of all phenomena is Matter with the demonstration that "the basis of all phenomena is Will."

Developed on this system, and with such striking

power that we are led at last almost involuntarily to question whether music, as here revealed to us, does not bear stronger witness in behalf of Schopenhauer's idealistic philosophy, than that philosophy is able to bear to the spirituality of the essential nature of music — Wagner's treatise must be pronounced the first really scientific exposition of the doctrine that music has an immortal soul. From this point of view it becomes evident that its body (the musical form) belongs merely to the "technical accidents of art, by means of which the artist, for the sake of intelligibility, places himself in a conventional relation to the external world." Music, according to Wagner, is no longer to be considered merely a means of exciting "the pleasure which we derive from beautiful forms;" it is, instead, the most immediate means possessed by the will, for the manifestation of its inner impulses. Far from exercising a determining influence of its own, "the æsthetic form must itself be determined by the artist's inner intuition of the idea."—Schumann's assertion that "the æsthetics of one art is that of every other art, the material

alone varying" is here *theoretically* disproved (as it was practically in the finest of Schumann's own compositions), and music is shown to bear a perfect analogy to the drama alone.—A most profound and ingenious explanation of the mysterious source of Shakespeare's power is connected with a careful investigation of the relation between dramatist and musician. Shakespeare's artistic treatment of the Coriolanus idea is compared with Beethoven's, and found precisely analogous to it; and inasmuch as the bearing of the two toward the formal element in their respective arts is shown to have been the same throughout, these mighty geniuses are pronounced comparable with one another only.

Our Author first considers (Beethoven's) music in its relations to plastic art, and then to modern civilisation in general. In the former connection, the reader will not fail to remark the relationship suggested in several places between Christianity and music. Plastic art, the noblest works of which were still extant when Christianity arose, was associated by its earliest teachers with heathenism, with idolatry. It

is of the "semblance of things" and its kingdom is of this world. But music, although, in its glorious fullness and power, at that time unknown, was associated intimately by the earliest Christian writers with Christianity, with immortality. Wagner, too, finds that music is of the "essential nature of things," and that "its kingdom is not of this world." Its "spirit like that of Christianity, is love" and it "excites within us, as soon as we are filled with it, the highest ecstasy of the consciousness of illimitability."—Concerning its relations to modern civilisation, it is shown that the development of Jesuitical practices in the Roman Catholic Church was followed by an era of conventionalism in which fashion—that bane of modern society—attained its present all-pervading, all-corrupting influence. Against "that artfully-conducted corruption of the spirit of all nations," German spirit, as individualized in the greatest German minds, has always revolted; and the artist who "speaking the highest wisdom, though in a language which his reason did not understand," finally "emancipated the purest language of all peoples"—a language which, in

his wonderful symphonies "preaches repentance and amendment of life in the profoundest sense of a Divine revelation"—the artist who thus proclaimed, in the very "domicile of 'insolent' fashion," the "higher and more soulful civilisation" which we hope from the future, was—LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

BERLIN, 1872

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

IN preparing a new edition of "Beethoven" the text has been carefully revised, a number of perplexing misprints and errors of various kinds amended, and, for the sake of greatest possible clearness, a few verbal alterations made where such changes did not necessitate the surrender of the translator's purpose from the outset, to reproduce in English, as nearly as possible, the remarkably condensed and concise form of expression deliberately chosen for the presentation of his ideas by the distinguished Author, whose experience and standing as a writer certainly

would seem to entitle his choice in this matter to respectful consideration, especially upon the part of a translator.

Some of the readers of Beethoven may feel an interest in inquiring more particularly as to the extent to which music may properly be termed an Idea of the World, "explaining the world as definitely to every *consciousness*" (although "in a language which *reason* does not understand") "as the most profound philosophy is able to explain it to that thinker alone who is skilled in its most abstract conceptions." Valuable and highly suggestive material for such additional investigation is to be found under the headings; "Rhythm of Motion," "Equilibration," "Dissolution," "Summary and Conclusion," in the "First Principles of Philosophy," by HERBERT SPENCER.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1873.

BEETHOVEN.

IF satisfactorily to exhibit the true relation of a great artist to his nation appears difficult, the difficulty of the undertaking is enhanced in the highest degree for the thoughtful writer, as soon as he comes to speak, not of a poet or plastic artist, but of a musician.

In judging of a poet or plastic artist, it has probably been always borne in mind that the manner in which both apprehend the forms or occurrences of the world, is determined, first of all, by the peculiarities of the nation to which they belong. If in the poet's case the very language in which he writes obviously determines what intuitions he is to enounce, the nature of his country and nation do not appear of less importance in defining the forms and colours of

the plastic artist. But neither through the language, nor any form whatever of the visible characteristics of his land and people, is a musician connected with them. It is therefore assumed that the language of tones belongs equally to all mankind, and that melody is the absolute language in which the musician speaks to every heart. Upon closer examination we indeed discern that we may with perfect propriety speak of German music in distinction to Italian, and with reference to this distinction a trait, physiological and national, may also be taken into consideration; that is, the great endowments of the Italians for song, which determined them in the cultivation of their music, just in the same manner as the Germans, through deprivation in this respect were impelled toward their special, characteristic musical sphere. But as this distinction does not at all concern essentials in the language of tones, but every melody, whether of Italian or German origin, is equally understood, this point, which after all is at first to be apprehended as an entirely external one only, can not be thought to possess the same determining influence upon the musician

that language does upon the poet, or the physiognomical constitution of his country upon the plastic artist; for here also, such external distinctions are to be recognised as endowments or neglects of Nature, without our attaching to them any value whatever with reference to the intellectual contents of the artistic organism.

The trait of peculiarity by which a musician is recognised to belong to his nation must, at all events, have a deeper foundation than that by which we recognise Gœthe and Schiller as Germans, Rubens and Rembrandt as Netherlanders, though we shall probably be compelled after all to accept both traits as springing from the same basis. To make more particular researches as to this basis, might prove quite as interesting as to enter upon a more profound examination of the essential nature of music itself. What has hitherto had to pass for unattainable in the way of dialectic treatment, may, on the other hand, disclose itself more readily to our judgment if we set ourselves the more definite task of an investigation of the connection between the great Musician, the

one-hundredth anniversary of whose birth we are about to celebrate, and the German nation, which has just entered upon such a severe test of its worth.*

If, in the first place, we inquire after this connection in the external sense, it may not even at the very outset be easy to avoid a deception through appearances. If it is so difficult to explain even a poet that we must put up with the most absurd of assertions from a celebrated German historian of literature concerning the course of development taken by Shakespeare's genius, we need not wonder in case we meet with still greater errors, as soon as in like manner a musician such as Beethoven is taken as subject. It is permitted to us to look into the course of Gœthe's and Schiller's development with greater surety, for distinct information remains to us in their conscious communications; but these also discover to us the course of their æsthetic culture only, which accompanied, rather than directed their artistic productivity: of its real substrata, especially of the choice of the poetic material, we learn, properly speaking, only that

*"Beethoven" was published in the Autumn of 1870.

here, in a striking degree, more of accident than purpose prevailed; least of all to be recognised is an actual tendency connected with the course of external history, universal or national. With regard also to the action of entirely personal impressions of life in the selecting, and shaping of their material, we are to conclude, in the case of these poets, with the greatest circumspection only, in order that it may not escape us that this action is never manifested directly, but only in a certain sense indirectly, which renders inadmissible all certain reference to its influence upon the poetic shaping proper. On the other hand, we discern from our researches touching this matter precisely this one thing with certainty, that a course of development perceptible in this manner, could only have been that of German poets, and, indeed, of the great poets of that noble period of German regeneration.

Now from such of Beethoven's letters as have been preserved to us, and the uncommonly meagre information concerning the external occurrences, or even inner relations of the life of our great Musician, what

is to be concluded as to their connection with his tone creations, and the course of development perceptible in them? If we possessed all possible information whatsoever in this respect, even to microscopic distinctness, concerning known events, it would furnish us nothing more definite than what lies before us on the other hand, in the account that the Master designed the "Sinfonia Eroica" at first as an act of homage to young General Bonaparte, and had inscribed his name upon the title-page, but afterward struck it off upon learning that he had proclaimed himself Emperor. Never has one of our poets designated one of the most important of his works with such definiteness as to the tendency connected with it; and what do we derive from this distinct record to aid us in judging of one of the most wonderful of all musical compositions? Can we explain to ourselves from it even one measure of that score? Must it not appear to us pure madness to dare seriously even to attempt such an explanation?

I believe that the most certain information which we can obtain concerning the Man Beethoven will

stand, in the very best of cases, in about the same relation to Beethoven the Musician, that General Bonaparte does to the "Sinfonia Eroica." Considered from this side of our consciousness* the great musician must continually remain a perfect mystery to us. In order, at all events, rightly to solve it, a path must be followed entirely different from the one by which it is possible, to a certain point at least, to follow Gœthe's and Schiller's productivity; this point, too, is obliterated exactly at the place where the productivity passes from conscious into unconscious: i. e., where the poet no longer determines the æsthetic form, but that form is determined from his inner intuition† of the idea. But precisely on this intuition of the idea, again, is based the entire difference between poet and musician, and in order to attain to some clearness with regard to this we shall have to apply ourselves, in the first place, to a more profound investigation of the problem upon which we have touched.

The diversity here referred to comes out quite evi-

*i. e., the extroverted side. See pages 27 and 32.

† i. e., direct apprehension or cognition.—Tr.

dently in the case of a plastic artist when compared with a musician, between which two the poet occupies the middle ground in such a way that with his conscious shapes he inclines toward the plastic artist, while he comes in contact with the musician in the obscure region of his unconsciousness. With GŒTHE the conscious inclination toward plastic art was so strong that at a momentous period of his life he would willingly have held himself actually destined to practise it, and was in a certain sense inclined through life to look at his poetic labour as a sort of expediential effort to compensate for a frustrated career as a painter; he was a polite scholar, consciously devoted throughout to the intuitional world.* SCHILLER, on the contrary was far more strongly attracted by the exploration of the base of inner consciousness which lies entirely removed from intuition, of that "Thing-in-Itself" of Kant's philosophy, the study of which entirely occupied him during the chief period of his higher development. The point of lasting meeting between these two great minds lay exactly

*i. e., the world which is discerned by direct cognition.—Tr.

where from either of the above extremes the poet reaches his self-consciousness. They met also in their intimations of the ESSENTIAL NATURE OF MUSIC; only in Schiller the intimation was accompanied by a profounder view than in Gœthe, who, correspondently to his whole tendency, comprehended chiefly the pleasing, plastically-symmetric element of musical art, through which music presents analogically a resemblance to architecture. The problem here touched upon, Schiller conceived with greater profundity, in an opinion to which Gœthe also assented, and by which thus much was decided,—that the epic inclines toward plastic art, the drama, on the other hand, toward music. The fact that Schiller was happier in the drama proper, than Gœthe, whereas the latter devoted himself with unmistakable preference to epic forms, coincides fully with the foregoing judgment concerning the two poets.

But SCHOPENHAUER was the first to recognise and designate with philosophic clearness the position of music with reference to the other fine arts, in that he awards to it a nature entirely different from that of

plastic or poetic art. He starts in this from his surprise that music speaks a language which is immediately intelligible to all, no intermediation through conceptions being required for it, in which it at once differs completely from poetry, the sole material of which consists of conceptions, by virtue of their use in rendering the Idea intuitional.* That is to say according to the philosopher's very obvious definition, the ideas of the world and their essential phenomena, taken in Plato's sense, are the object of the fine arts in general; but while the poet renders these ideas distinct to the intuitional consciousness by the employment in a manner peculiar to his art alone, of conceptions, which are in themselves rational, Schopenhauer believes himself compelled to recognise in *music itself an idea of the world*, as he who could explain music to us wholly in conceptions would at the same time have produced a philosophy explaining the world. If, as music is not, properly speaking, to be explained by conceptions, Schopenhauer lays down this hypothetical elucidation of it as a paradox, he

* i. e., rendering it *intuitively* apprehensible.—Tr.

thus furnishes us however, on the other hand, with the only fertile material for a more extended illustration of the correctness of his profound explanation, to which illustration he did not address himself more particularly, perhaps only because as a layman he was not sufficiently master of, or well versed in music, and moreover, his knowledge of it could not relate definitely enough to an understanding of just that musician whose works first disclosed to the world this profoundest mystery of music; for neither is Beethoven himself to be exhaustively judged if the profound paradox laid down by Schopenhauer for philosophic cognition be not rightly explained and solved.

In the employment of the material here placed at our disposal by the philosopher, I believe I shall proceed most to the purpose by first taking up one of Schopenhauer's observations in which he does not yet wish to have the idea which follows from the cognition of relations looked upon as the essential nature of the thing in itself, but instead, only as the revelation of the objective character of things,—still therefore, always their phenomena only. "And we should

not understand even that character," continues Schopenhauer in the passage in question, "if the inner essential nature of the things was not otherwise known to us, at least indistinctly and by feeling. That is to say, that nature itself can not be understood from the ideas, nor indeed by any merely *objective* cognition whatever; hence it would remain eternally a mystery if we did not have access to it on entirely another side. Only so far as each recogniser is at the same time an individual, and by that a part of nature, does access to the interior of nature stand open to him in his own self-consciousness as the sphere where it manifests itself most immediately, and then in the form of *Will*."*

If we add to this what Schopenhauer demands as the condition for the entrance of the idea into our consciousness, that is "a temporary preponderance of the intellect over the will, or physiologically considered, a strong excitation of the intuitional activity of the brain, free from all excitation of the inclinations or passions," it only remains for us sharply to

*"The World as Will and Idea," II., 415.

apprehend the explanation of this immediately following, that our consciousness has two sides,—viz.: That it is partly a consciousness of one's *own self*, which constitutes will, partly a consciousness of *other things*, and as such, in the first place intuitive cognition of the outer world, apprehension of objects. "The more now one side of the whole consciousness comes forward, so much the more does the other recede." *

From an exact consideration of what is here quoted from Schopenhauer's principal work it must now become evident to us that musical conception, as it can have nothing in common with the apprehension of an idea, (for that is unconditionally connected with the intuitive cognition of the world) can have its origin in that side of consciousness alone which Schopenhauer designates as introverted. If this side is to recede entirely for the time being to promote the entrance of the purely cognitive subject upon its functions (i. e., the apprehension of ideas) it follows, on the other hand, that the capacity of the intellect for

* "The World as Will and Idea," II., 418.

apprehending the character of things is only explicable from the introverted side of consciousness. But if this consciousness is the consciousness of one's own self, of the will therefore, it must be assumed that its repression is indeed indispensable to the purity of the extroverted intuitive consciousness, but that the essential nature of the thing in itself, which is inapprehensible to this intuitive cognition, will only be rendered apprehensible to the introverted consciousness when it has attained the capability of looking inward with the same clearness with which the extroverted consciousness is able in intuitive cognition to look outward in grasping ideas. For going farther, also, in this path Schopenhauer gives us the right guidance in his profound hypothesis with relation to the physiological phenomenon of clairvoyance, which is connected with this, and his theory of dreams, based upon it. That is to say, if, in that phenomenon, introverted consciousness attains to actual clairvoyance, i. e., to the faculty of sight in the region in which our consciousness, when waking and turned toward the day, is only dimly sensible of the mighty

basis of the affections of our will, so, on the other hand, *tone* forces its way out of that night into the actually waking pérception, as the immediate utterance of the will. At the side of that world which is intuitively apprehended by virtue of the functions of the waking brain, stands, as is corroborated in every one's experience by dreams, a second world quite equal to the first in distinctness, and one which manifests itself as not less intuitional,—a world which as Object, at all events, can not lie outside of us, and accordingly must be brought to the knowledge of consciousness by an introverted function of the brain, under forms of perception peculiar to it alone, which function Schopenhauer here terms the organ of dreams. But it is no less definitely a matter of experience that by the side of the world which presents itself as visible, in waking as in dreams, there exists for our consciousness a second world, which manifests itself through sound, and is perceptible only through the hearing, strictly speaking, therefore, a *world of sound* by the side of the *world of light*, of which we may say that the first bears the same relation to the

second that the dreaming state does to the waking; that is to say, the world of sound is just as distinct to us as is the world of light, even if we must recognise the former as totally different from the latter. As the intuitional world of dreams can, after all, be formed only by a special cerebral activity, so also music enters our consciousness by a similar activity of the brain only: but then, this activity is just as different from that which is guided by sight as is the cerebral organ of dreams distinct from that function of the brain which is excited, while awake, by external impressions.

As the organ of dreams can not be excited to activity by external impressions, (against which the brain is then entirely closed), this excitation, consequently, must come about by means of occurrences in the inner organism which are intimated to our waking consciousness only as obscure feelings. But it is this inner life through which we are allied to all nature, and thus partakers in the essential nature of things in such a way that the forms of external cognition, time and space, are no longer to be applied to

our relations with them; from which Schopenhauer so convincingly concludes the origin of prophetic or fatidical dreams, which make the most distant things perceptible, and, indeed, in very rare and extreme cases, the entrance of somnambulistic clairvoyance. From the most affrighting of such dreams we awaken with a *cry*, in which the affrighted will expresses itself most immediately, and accordingly enters at once and definitely, through the cry, the world of sound in order to manifest itself outwards. If we now regard the cry in all diminutions of its violence to the tender utterance of desire, as the fundamental element of all human manifestations to the hearing, and if we are compelled to find in it the most immediate of all utterances of the will, through which it turns toward the external world most quickly and most surely, we have less occasion to wonder at the immediate intelligibility of music, than at an art's arising from this element; as it is evident, on the other hand, that both artistic productivity and artistic intuition can only proceed from the alienation of consciousness from the excitations of will.

In order to explain this marvel let us, in the first place, here recall the previously-quoted, profound remark of our philosopher, that we could not understand even those ideas which, conformably to their nature, are only to be apprehended by intuition free from will, i. e., objective, if we did not have open to us another mode of access to the essential nature of things, upon which they are based, viz., through the immediate consciousness of our own selves. That is to say, by this consciousness alone are we also rendered capable of understanding the inner essential nature, of things external to us, and that, too, in such a way that we recognise in them the same fundamental nature which manifests itself in our consciousness of ourselves as being our own. All illusion with regard to this proceeded solely from our *seeing* a world external to us, which, in the semblance of light, we perceived as something entirely different from us; only through the (intellectual) perception of ideas, through remote mediation, therefore, do we attain a nearest stage of undeception, in which we no longer recognise the several things separated by time and

space, but their character in itself; and this speaks most distinctly to us in works of plastic art, the proper element of which, consequently, is the employment of the illusive semblance of the world, spread out before us by the agency of light, for the manifestation, by virtue of a highly thoughtful playing with that semblance, of the idea which it veils. That merely seeing objects leaves us cold and unsympathetic, and that excitations of our emotions only arise from becoming aware of the relations to our will of the objects seen, corresponds with this; for which reason it must rightly be held the first principle for plastic art, that in its productions those relations to our individual wills must be wholly avoided, in order to prepare, instead, for sight that repose in which the pure intuition of the object, conformably to its own proper character, is alone rendered possible to us. But the *semblance* of things, to the consideration of which we devote ourselves during moments of æsthetical intuition free from will, always remains the effective element here. It is this tranquillity accompanying the pure pleasure in a semblance, which, trans-

ferred from plastic art to all arts, has been laid down as a requisite to all æsthetic pleasure whatever, and, by virtue of this, has produced the IDEA OF BEAUTY (Schönheit), which is plainly connected in the German language, according to the root of the word with *semblance* (Schein) as object, and gaze (Schauen), as subject.

Our consciousness which, even in gazing at a semblance, alone enables us to grasp the idea which is manifested by it, may at last feel impelled to exclaim with Faust: "What a spectacle! But alas, only a spectacle! Where can I grasp Thee, Infinite Nature?"

The most certain of answers to this cry is given by *music.* The outer world speaks to us with such incomparable intelligibility here, because, by virtue of the effect of sounds, it communicates to us through hearing precisely what we call out to it from the depths of our soul. The object of the tone which is heard, coincides immediately with the subject of the emitted tone; we understand without any intermeditation through conceptions what is said to us by the cry for help, or of mourning or joy, which we hear,

and answer it at once in the corresponding sense. If the cry, or sound of sorrow or delight which we ejaculate, is the most immediate expression of the emotions of our will, we understand similar sounds which make their way to us through hearing, as incontestably the utterance of the same emotions—and no illusion, as in the semblance of light, to the effect that the fundamental nature of the world external to us, is not completely identical with our own essential nature, is possible here, by which the gulf that to the sight seems to exist at once vanishes.

If, then, we see an art arise from the immediate consciousness of the unity of our inner nature with that of the external world, it is in the very first place evident that that art must be subject to æsthetic laws entirely different from those of every other art. It has, as yet, seemed scandalous to all æstheticians to derive an actual art from what has appeared to them such a purely pathological element, and, consequently they have been willing to award validity to this art, only from the point where its productions were displayed to us in a frigid semblance proper to

the shapes of plastic art. But that the mere element of music, as an idea of the world, is not beheld by us but felt, instead, in the depths of consciousness, we have learned at once to recognise, and with such great consequences, from Schopenhauer, and we understand that idea to be an immediate revelation of the unity of the will, which, proceeding from the unity of the human nature, incontrovertibly exhibits itself to our consciousness as unity with universal nature also, which indeed we likewise perceive through sound.

We believe we shall most surely gain enlightenment with reference to the essential nature of music as an art, by considering, difficult as that is, the productivity of the inspired musician. That productivity must, in many respects, be fundamentally different from that of other artists. With them we were to recognize that the free-from-will-and-pure intuition of objects, such as is again to be produced in the spectator's mind by the effect of the work of art placed before him, must have preceeded the execution of that work. But such an object, which by pure intu-

ition he is to elevate to an idea, never exhibits itself to the musician; for his music is itself an idea of the world, in which the world immediately *exhibits* its essential nature, while in other arts that nature is *exhibited* intermediately through cognition. The matter is not to be understood otherwise than that the *individual will*, which in the plastic artist is reduced to silence through pure intuition, awakens in the musician in the form of *universal will*, and beyond the whole reach of intuition, as such recognizes itself as most properly self-conscious. Hence, therefore, the great difference in the state of the conceiving musician and the draughting plastic artist; hence, also, the fundamentally different effect of music and painting. Here greatest repression, there highest excitation of the will: but this only signifies that here that will is alluded to which is comprised in the individual as such, consequently in the illusory notion of his difference from the essential nature of things external to him, which will cannot surmount its barriers save by just that pure, unimpassioned intuition of the objects; while, on the other hand, in the

musician, the will, above all barriers of individuality, immediately feels itself one: for in the hearing, the door is opened through which the world crowds in upon the will, and it finds outlet to communicate with the world. This prodigious overflooding of all the limits of phenomenality must necessarily evoke in the inspired musician an ecstacy with which no other is to be compared: in it the will recognises itself as the almighty will in general: it is not forced to hold back in silence before intuition, but proclaims itself loudly a conscious idea of the world.—Only *one* state can surpass his own; that of the saint,—and that especially because it is enduring, and incapable of being clouded, while, on the other hand, the enrapturing clairvoyance of the musician alternates with a continually returning state of individual consciousness, which must be thought only the more miserable in proportion as the inspired state elevates him higher above all limits of individuality. For this reason, *i. e.* the sufferings with which he must pay for the state of inspiration in which he enraptures us so inexpressibly, the musician may well appear to us as worthier

of reverence than other artists, indeed almost as possessing a claim to our veneration. For his art, in fact, sustains the same relation to the complex of all other arts, that Religion does to the Church.

We have seen that in other arts when the will longs completely to become cognition, this is only rendered possible to it in so far as it remains silent in the depths of the soul: it is as though it awaited from without releasing information concerning itself; if it is not satisfied with this, it places itself in the clairvoyant state, where it recognises itself, above all limits of time and space, to be the One and All of the world. What it here sees can be communicated in no language; as the dream of deepest sleep can pass over to waking consciousness only by translation into the language of a second, or allegoric dream, which immediately preceeds one's awakening, so the will provides for the immediate image of it's self-contemplation a second organ of communication, which, while with the one side it is turned towards its inner contemplation, with the other side comes in contact, by the single, immediately sympathetic manifestation

of the tone, with the external world that comes forward again on awakening. It calls, and in the counter-call or answer it recognises itself again: so call and counter-call become a solacing and finally a transporting play with itself.

During a sleepless night I once stepped out on the balcony before my window on the Grand Canal in Venice: the legendary city of lagoons lay extended before me like a deep dream. Out from the most profound silence arose suddenly from a neighbouring bark, the strong, hoarse lament of a gondolier who had just awakened, with which he cried out into the night in reiterated cadences, until from the far distance a similar cry resounded along the nocturnal canal. I recognised the ancient, melancholy melodic phrase which was adapted to Tasso's familiar verse in his day, but which, in itself is certainly as old as Venice's canals and their population. After solemn pauses, the far-resounding dialogue became more animated and appeared to melt into unison, until finally, in the vicinity and in the distance, the sounds softly died away in newly-won slumber. What could

the Venice of day-time, radiant with sun-shine and motley with crowds, say of itself, which that resounding dream of the night had not brought with infinitely more depth and immediateness to my consciousness?—Another time I wandered through the noble solitude of a high vale of Uri. It was bright day as I heard from a lofty Alpine meadow, the shrill, exulting circling cry of a herdsman, which he sent over the wide valley: another cry, alike presumptuous, answered back ere long through the vast silence; the echo of the projecting walls of rock now intermingled, and the solemn, quiet valley resounded merrily in the contest.—So the child awakes from the night of the mother's womb, with a cry of longing, and the silencing caresses of the mother reply; so does the longing youth understand the alluring songs of forest birds, so speaks the moan of animals, the sighing of winds, and the raging shriek of the hurricane to the meditative man who falls into that state of revery in which he perceives, through the hearing, that with reference to which his sight has kept him in the illusion of dispersion, *i. e.* that his inmost nature is one with the

inmost nature of all that he perceives, and that only in the perception of this is the nature of things external to him really recognised.

We recognise at once the state of revery superinduced through the sympathetic hearing by the effects just designated, and in which rises before us that other world out of which the musician speaks to us,—from the experience which is accessible to every one, that through the effect of music upon us, our vision is depotentialized in such a way that even with open eyes we no longer see intensively. We experience this while listening to a piece of music which really enraptures us, in any concert-hall, where the most distracting, and in themselves unsightly things go on before our eyes, things, at any rate, which if seen intensively would draw our attention entirely away from the music, and indeed excite our risibles; *i. e.*, besides the aspect of the auditors which often strikes us as very trivial, the mechanical movements of the musicians,—the wholly peculiar, mobile, auxiliary apparatus of an orchestral production. That this spectacle, which alone occupies the attention of those

who are not enraptured by the music, does not at all disturb those who are captivated by it, shows us plainly that we no longer consciously perceive that spectacle, but, instead, have fallen into a state which bears an essential resemblance to that of somnambulistic clairvoyance. And, in fact, it is only in this state that we immediately belong to the musician's world. From this world, which otherwise we have no means of portraying, the musician, by the disposition of his tones, in a certain measure spreads a net for us,—or, again, he besprinkles our perceptive faculties with the miracle-working drops of his sounds, in such a manner that they are incapacitated, as if by magic, for the reception of any impressions other than those of our own inner world.

If we wish to make his mode of procedure in this in some measure clear to ourselves, we shall accomplish it most readily by turning back to its analogy with the inner occurrences by means of which, according to Schopenhauer's luminous theory, the dream of deepest sleep, which is entirely removed from the sphere of the waking cerebral consciousness

is, as it were, translated into the lighter allegorical dream which immediately preceeds awakening. The locutive faculty which we now take analogically into consideration, extends for the musician, from the cry of horror, to the exercise of the comforting diversion of euphony. As, in the employment of the superabundant modifications which lie between, he is determined, as it were by an impulse toward an intelligible communication of the dream-image of his inmost soul, he approaches, as does the second, or allegorical dream, the ideas of the waking brain, by which it is able at last firmly to retain (for itself in the first place) the dream-image. But in this approach he comes in contact with ideas of *time* only, as the most external element in his communication, while he keeps ideas of space under an impenetrable veil, the lifting of which would necessarily at once render the dream-image which he views unrecognisable. While the *harmony* of tones, which belongs neither to time nor space, remains the most proper element of music, the musician, now actively shaping, extends his hand, to establish a common understand-

ing as it were, toward the waking world of phenomena, through the rhythmical succession of time in his manifestations, just as the allegorical dream is connected with the usual ideas of the individual in such a way that the waking consciousness which is turned toward the external world, though recognising the great difference of this dream-image also, from the occurrences of actual life, is able, nevertheless, firmly to retain it. Through the *rhythmical* disposition of his tones, the musician at once comes in contact, in a certain measure, with the intuitional plastic world, *i. e.*, by virtue of the similarity of the laws in accordance with which the motion of visible bodies is intelligibly manifested to our intuition. Human gestures, which endeavour in the dance to make themselves intelligible through expressively alternating, and regulated motion, seem consequently to be *that* for music, that bodies, again, are for light, which without refraction against them would not illumine, while we may say that without rhythm music would not be perceptible to us. Just here, at the point of meeting between plastic art and harmony, the essential nature of music,

which is only to be apprehended through the analogy of the dream, is clearly shown to be entirely different from the essential nature of plastic art especially; while that can only fix gestures in space, and must leave their motion to be supplied by reflex intuition, the inmost nature of gestures is expressed with such immediate intelligibility by music, that as soon as we are entirely filled with it, our very vision is depotentialized for the intensive perception of gestures, so that we finally understand, without seeing them. If, by this, music draws the most nearly related element of the world of phenomena within what we have designated as its domain of dreams, this, nevertheless, occurs only in order to turn intuitive cognition, through a wonderful antecedent transformation, toward the interior as it were, where it is then capacitated to apprehend the essential nature of all things in its most immediate manifestation, and thus to interpret the dream-image which the musician himself has beheld in deepest sleep.

It is impossible to produce anything more full of light concerning the relation of music to the plastic

forms of the world of phenomena, as well as to the conceptions deduced from the things themselves, than what we read in the places in question in Schopenhauer's work, wherefore we will now turn from a superfluous dwelling upon the matter, to the proper theme of these researches, *i. e.* the investigation of the nature of our Musician himself.

Only, we must first consider an important point relating to the æsthetic judgment of music as an art. That is, we find that from the forms of music, by which it appears to be connected with external phenomena, an entirely senseless and preposterous requirement has been derived, concerning the character of its manifestations. As has already been mentioned, views have been transferred to music, which had their origin in the mode of judging works of plastic art only. That this confusion could have come about, is, at all events, to be ascribed to that most external approach of music to the intuitional side of the world and its phenomena which we have just designated. Musical art has actually passed through a process of development in that direction

which so far exposed it to a misunderstanding of its true character, that an effect similar to that of works of plastic art, has been demanded from it, i. e. *the excitation of the pleasure derived from beautiful forms.* As, at the same time, an increasing decline in the judgment concerning plastic art itself crept in with this, it may easily be imagined how deeply music thus became degraded, when, in fact, it was really demanded of it, that it should keep its most proper nature wholly subordinate, in order to excite our delight by the presentation of its most external side alone. Music, which comes home to us, only in quickening for us the most general of all conceptions of our feeling (in itself obscure) with the most definite clearness and in the greatest possible number of modifications, can be judged, in and for itself, only according to the category of the SUBLIME, as it excites within us, as soon as we are filled with it, the highest ecstasy of the consciousness of illimitability. What only *results* from our becoming absorbed in the intuition of a work of plastic art, i. e. the emancipation of the intellect from the service of our indi-

vidual wills, which is at last (temporarily) attained by letting go the relations to that will, of the object intuitively apprehended, the effect upon the mind, therefore, which is required from BEAUTY, that, music exercises *at once*, in that it immediately draws the intellect away from all apprehension of the relation of things external to us, and as a pure form, emancipated from all objectivity, shuts off from us, as it were, the external world, and, instead, causes us to look only into our soul, as into the inner essential nature of all things. According to this, therefore, the judgment of a piece of music should be based upon the cognition of those laws in accordance with which most immediate progress is made from the effect of the beautiful phenomenon, which is the very first effect of the mere entrance of music into our consciousness,—to the revelation of its most proper character by the effect of the sublime. The character of really and properly empty music, on the contrary, would be that it tarried, merely playing prismatically with the "effect" of its first entrance into our consciousness, and thus continually kept us

in those relations only, in which the most external side of music approaches the intuitional world.

The only continuous development which music has seen, has actually been in that direction, and indeed through a systematic disposition of the rhythmical structure of its periods; which development brought it into comparison with architecture on the one side, and, on the other, gave it a surveyability which necessarily exposed it to the already mentioned false judgment according to the analogy with plastic art. Here, in its most extreme limitedness under trite forms and conventionalities, it appeared to Gœthe, for instance, capable of being most happily applied to the normalization of poetic conceptions. Only to be able to *play* in those conventional forms with the enormous resources of music, in such a way that its proper effect, the manifestation of the inner essential nature of all things, was avoided like the danger of an inundation, passed long, in the judgment of æstheticians, for the true and only gratifying product of the cultivation of the art of music. But to have penetrated through these forms to the inmost nature

of music in such a way that he was able from this side to throw the inner light of the clairvoyant outward again, in order to display these forms to us anew in accordance with their inner significance only, this was the work of our great BEETHOVEN, whom we must therefore represent to ourselves as the true paragon of the musician.

If, retaining the often employed analogy of the allegorical dream, we would consider music, prompted by an inmost contemplation, as communicating this contemplation to the external world, we must assume as the proper organ for it, like the organ of dreams in the other case, a cerebral capacitation by virtue of which the musician perceives in the first place that inner "In-Itself" which is closed to all cognition,—a sight, when directed inward, which, when directed outward, becomes hearing. If we would imagine that inmost (dream-)image of the world perceived by him, as being represented to us in its truest image, we are able to do so in the most suggestive manner when listening to one of PALESTRINA's celebrated sacred compositions. Rhythm is as

yet only perceptible here through the changes in the harmonic successions of chords, while without them it does not exist at all as a symmetrical succession of time for itself; here, accordingly, the succession of time is still so immediately connected with the essential nature of harmony, which, in itself, is timeless and spaceless, that the aid of the laws of time can not at all be employed in the understanding of such music. The sole succession of time in such a composition is revealed almost entirely in exceedingly delicate variations of a fundamental colour [or key], which variations bring before us the most manifold transitions, while holding fast even their farthest relationships, without our being able to perceive any drawing of lines among these changes. But then, as this colour itself does not appear in space, we thus receive there an image almost as timeless as it is spaceless, a purely spiritual revelation, by which we are seized with such inexpressible emotion, because it brings to our consciousness more distinctly than aught else, the inmost essential nature of Religion, free from all dogmatic, conceptional fictions.

If we now call up before us, by way of contrast, a piece of dance music, or a movement, based upon a dance subject, from an orchestral symphony, or, finally, an operatic piece proper,—we find our fancy at once fettered by a regular arrangement in the return of rythmical periods, by which, in the first place, the penetrativeness of the melody, by virtue of the plasticity given to it, is at once determined. Most justly has the music developed on this system been designated as secular, by way of contrast to the above-mentioned sacred music. With reference to the principle of that development I have elsewhere expressed myself distinctly enough,* and I therefore here consider its tendency only in the sense, already touched upon in the foregoing pages, of its analogy to the allegorical dream, according to which it appears as though the musician's awakened sight

*I did this especially, in brief and general form in a treatise entitled The Music of the Future (Zukunftsmusik), published by Weber in Leipzig, about ten years ago, without having, as far as I have recently heard, met with any consideration whatever, wherefore I here refer the few who, with me, are in earnest in this matter, to that previous work.

now clung to the phenomena of the outer world, as far as, conformably to their inner, essential nature, they become at once intelligible to him. The external laws in accordance with which that clinging to gestures is consummated, in fine, in *every* motion-full occurrence of life, become with him those of rhythm, by virtue of which he constructs opposing and recurring periods. Now, the more these periods are filled with the proper spirit of music, so much the less will they, as architectural characters, draw our attention away from the pure effect of the music. On the other hand, where the inner spirit of music, which we have already sufficiently designated becomes enfeebled in its most proper manifestations to promote the regular columnar disposition of the rhythmic caesural pauses, there we are engaged by that external regularity only, and we necessarily lower our requirements with respect to the music itself, in that they now refer chiefly to that external regularity. Music thus descends from its position of sublime innocence; it loses its power to release from the debt of phenomenality, i. e. it is no longer

proclaimer of the *essential nature* of things, but becomes involved itself in the illusion surrounding the *phenomena* of things external to us. For with such music people want to *see* something, and what is to be seen thus becomes the principal consideration, as the opera most distinctly shows us, where the spectacle, the ballet, etc., constitute the attracting and engaging part, and this obviously enough produces the degeneracy of the music employed for them.

WE will now illustrate what has thus far been said, by entering more minutely into the COURSE OF DEVELOPMENT of BEETHOVEN'S GENIUS, in which, to lay aside the rather general character of our representation, we must, in the first place, fix our attention upon the practical course of the formation of the Master's peculiar style.

The qualification of a musician for his art, his destination to it, certainly cannot be shown in any other way than by the manifest effect upon him of

music from without. In what manner his capacities for inner self-contemplation, that clairvoyance of the profoundest dream of the world, are aroused in him by it, we learn only when he has fully attained the goal towards which his self-development tends; for till then he is obedient to the laws of the action upon him of external impressions, and in the musician's case those impressions are derived in the first place, from the compositions of the masters of his day. Now we here find Beethoven moved least of all by operatic works; while on the contrary, the impressions received from the sacred music of his day came more home to him. The piano-forte player's *métier* which he was obliged to take up in order to "be something" as a musician, brought him into lasting, and most familiar contact with the pianoforte compositions of the masters of his period. In that period the SONATA had developed into the model form. We may say that Beethoven was and remained a composer of sonatas, for in the great majority and most excellent of his instrumental compositions, the fundamental form of the sonata was

the veil-like tissue through which he gazed into the realm of tones, or, also, through which, emerging from that realm, he made himself intelligible to us,—while in other forms, the mixed ones of vocal music especially, despite most extraordinary achievements in them, were, after all, only transitorily touched upon by him, as if by way of experiment.

The validity of the sonata form had been established for all time in the course of its development under Emanuel Bach, Haydn, and Mozart. It was the result of a compromise entered into between the spirit of German, and that of Italian music. The tendency of its employment gave it its external character: with the sonata, the harpsichordist presented himself before the audience which he was to delight by his dexterity as a player, and, at the same time, pleasantly entertain as a musician. Now, this was no longer Sebastian Bach gathering his congregation around him at the organ in the church, or challenging connoiseurs and colleagues to meet him there in rivalry: a broad gulf separated the wonderful master of the fugue, from the fosterers of the

sonata. By them the art of the fugue was learned as a means of fortifying the study of music, but it was employed in the sonata only as an artificiality; the rough consistencies of pure counterpoint yielded to the gratification afforded by a stable eurythmy, to fill out the completed scheme of which, in the spirit of Italian euphony, alone seemed to answer the requirements made upon music. In Haydn's instrumental compositions it is as though we saw the fettered daemon of music playing before us with all the childishness of one an old man from birth. Beethoven's earlier works are not incorrectly held to have originated with Haydn as the special model; indeed, it has been thought necessary to attribute to him even in the riper development of his genius, a closer relationship to Haydn than to Mozart. A striking feature in Beethoven's behaviour towards Haydn, discloses the peculiar nature of his relationship to the latter, whom he would not at all recognise as his teacher (for which Haydn was taken), and against whom he even suffered injurious expressions of youthful arrogance to escape him. It seems

as though he felt himself related to Haydn in the same way as one an adult from birth, is related to the childish old man. Far above conforming to his master in regard to musical forms, the uncontrollable daemon of his inner music, which had been fettered under those forms, impelled him to a disclosure of his power, which, like everything in the behaviour of the mighty musician, could manifest itself only with incomprehensible roughness. It is related of his meeting, as a youth, with Mozart, that he left the instrument in ill-humour after having played a sonata in accordance with that master's request, while, on the other hand, in order to be better appreciated, he desired permission to undertake a free improvisation, which, we are informed, he executed with such great effect upon Mozart, that the latter exclaimed to his friends ;—"The world will hear something from him." This utterance of Mozart's is said to have occurred at a time when, with distinct self-consciousness, he himself was maturing for a development of his inner genius, the consummation of which, in accordance with its most proper impulses, had hitherto been hindered

by unprecedented interruptions under the constraints of a miserably wretched musical career. We know how he looked forward to his death, approaching alas! too early, in the bitter consciousness that he had just attained a position where he could show the world what he was really capable of accomplishing in music.

We see young Beethoven, on the other hand, facing the world from the outset with that defiant temperament, which kept him in almost wild independence of it throughout his entire life; his enormous self-consciousness, supported by haughtiest courage, shielded him, at all times, from the frivolous demands upon music of the pleasure-seeking world. He had a treasure of inestimable wealth to preserve in the face of the importunities of effeminate taste. It was his mission to announce the divination of the inmost contemplation of the world of tones, in the same forms in which music was to display itself merely as a diverting art. He therefore resembled, at all times, one truly possessed; for what Schopenhauer says of musicians in general, held good with

regard to him:—"They speak the highest wisdom, in a language which their reason does not understand."

The element of "reason," in his art, he encountered in that spirit which had furthered the formal erection of its external scaffolding. When he perceived how even the great masters of his youth had moved in that architectural scaffolding of periods, with trite repetitions of phrases and floscules, with exactly divided antitheses of loud and soft, with introductions consisting of so and so many measures, the gravity of which was determined according to prescribed recipes, and through the indispensable portals of so and so many half-cadences, to the beatification of the noisy final cadence,—the element of reason which here addressed him, seemed a very scanty one. It was such reason which had constructed the operatic aria, had dictated the mode of stringing together the operatic pieces, and by which Haydn had been led to fetter his genius to the counting of pearls on his rosary. For with Palestrina's music religion had vanished from the [Roman]

Church, while, on the other hand, the artificial formalism of Jesuitical practice counterformed religion and at the same time music. So, to the thoughtful beholder, does the architectural style (also Jesuitical) of the last two centuries cover venerable, noble Rome; so did the glorious Italian painting become effeminate and dulcified; so originated, under the same guidance, the "classical" French poetry, in the spirit-killing laws of which, we may find a very speaking analogy to the laws of construction of the operatic aria, and the sonata.

We know that it was that "German spirit," so much feared and hated in "Ultramontane" regions, which every-where, and in the sphere of art as well, savingly opposed this artfully-conducted corruption of the spirit of European peoples. If, then, we have honoured our Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and others, as having, in other spheres, rescued us from perishing in that corruption, it becomes us to-day to point out with reference to the musician Beethoven, that through him, inasmuch as he spoke the purest language of all peoples, German spirit redeemed the

spirit of humanity from deep ignominy. For inasmuch as he elevated music (which had been degraded, as regards its proper nature, to the rank of a merely diverting art,) to the height of its sublime calling, he has opened to us the understanding of that art in which the world explains itself as definitely to every consciousness, as the most profound philosophy could possibly explain it to that thinker who is well-versed in its most abstract conceptions. *And the relation of the great Beethoven to the German nation, is based upon this alone,* which we shall now endeavour to illustrate by those special features of his life and productivity, which lie within our knowledge.

Nothing can give us a more instructive disclosure of the relation of the artistic method of proceeding, to manufacturing in accordance with those conceptions of reason, than an exact apprehension of the course followed by Beethoven in the development of his musical genius. Had he consciously transformed the external musical forms which he found extant, or even overthrown them, that would have been acting from his reason; but we nowhere find a trace of this.

There certainly has never been an artist who speculated less on his art than did Beethoven. But on the other hand, the already-mentioned rough vehemence of his human nature shows us how he felt the interdict that was laid upon his genius by those forms, almost as immediately in the sense of a personal suffering as he did every other constraint of conventionality. Still, his reaction in this matter consisted solely in a haughty, free development of his inner genius, which could not be hindered by anything, not even by those forms. He never altered from principle an already invented form of instrumental music; the same structure can unmistakably be pointed out in his last sonatas, quartettes, symphonies, etc., as in his first ones. But let us compare these works with each other; let us, for instance, place the Eighth symphony, in F major, by the side of the Second, in D major, and wonder at the entirely new world which meets us there, almost in precisely the same form!

Here again appears the peculiarity of the German nature, which inwardly is so richly and deeply endowed that it is able to leave the impress of its

being upon every form, since it re-models the form from within, and is thus relieved from the necessity of externally overthrowing it. Germans, consequently, are not revolutionary, but reformatory; and, in fine, they thus come to possess a wealth of forms for the manifestation of their inner nature such as is possessed by no other nation. This deep inner fountain appears exhausted among the French, so that disquieted by the external form of their affairs, both in art and in the state, they believe themselves forced to have recourse to the total overthrow of that form, in the persuasion to a certain extent, that the new and more agreeable form must then come entirely of itself. So their rebellion, strangely enough, is always against their own nature, which, after all, does not appear to be deeper than is expressed by that form which so disquiets them. On the other hand, that our poetical literature in the Middle Ages, was nourished by the translation of chivalric poems from the French, did not injure the development of German spirit: the inner depth of a Wolfram von Eschenbach formed enduring poetic models from material, which, in the

prototype, is preserved merely as a curiosity. In like manner we adopted the classic forms of Roman and Greek civilisation, imitated their language and versification, and contrived to appropriate to ourselves antique intuitions, but only while enunciating in them our own inmost spirit. We thus received from the Italians, music, with all its forms, and what we conceived in them lies before us in the incomprehensible works of Beethoven's genius.

To attempt even to explain those works would be a foolish undertaking. When we review them in their proper order we must perceive with ever increasing distinctness the permeation of the musical form by the genius of music. In the works of his predecessors it is as though we saw a painted transparency by daylight, and thus had before us a pseudo-work of art, obviously not at all to be compared, in drawing or colouring, with the work of the genuine painter, a work belonging to an altogether lower style of art, and therefore looked down upon by just connoisseurs: this transparency was displayed to adorn festivals,—at princely tables,—and

for the entertainment of luxurious companies, etc., and the virtuoso placed his artistic dexterity, as the light appointed for the illumination of the picture, before, instead of behind it. But Beethoven places that transparency in the silence of night, between the phenomenal world, and the deep inner world of the essential nature of all things, out from which he then throws the light of the clairvoyant against the back of the picture: and now it revives in a wonderful manner, and another world stands before us, of which the greatest masterpiece of a Raphael could give us no intimation.

The power of the musician here is not to be apprehended otherwise than through the idea of magic. It is certainly an enchanted state into which we fall while listening to a genuine Beethoven composition, when we perceive in all its parts, instead of that kind of technical conformity to the end in view, which might appear to us upon jejune meditation,—a spiritual animation, an activity now delicate, and then appalling, a pulsating elevation, joy, longing, fear, lamentation, and ravishment, all of which, again,

appears to originate only from within the profoundest depths of our own soul. For the feature of Beethoven's musical creations, which is so important for the history of art, is this; that here every technical accident of art, by means of which the artist, for the sake of intelligibility, places himself in a conventional relation to the external world, is elevated to the highest importance as a spontaneous effluence. As I have already elsewhere expressed it; "there are no 'accessories' here, there is no framing of the melody, but every voice in the accompaniment, every rhythmical note, indeed, every rest itself becomes melody."

As it is perfectly impossible to undertake to discuss the essential nature, proper, of Beethoven's music, without at once falling into the tone of rhapsody, and, moreover, as we have already sought, under the guidance of our philosopher, more particularly to explain the real essential nature of music in general (by which Beethoven's music in particular was to be understood), in order that we may avoid the impossible—the personal Beethoven, chiefly, will continue

to engage our attention, as the focus of the rays of light in the world of wonders which proceeded from him.

Let us now examine whence Beethoven obtained his power, or rather, as the mystery of natural endowment must remain veiled to us, and we have only to accept, without further question, the existence of that power, from its effects, let us endeavour to make clear to ourselves through what peculiarity, what moral impulse of personal character, the great Musician was able to concentrate that power upon the one enormous effect which constituted his artistic deed. We have seen that we must exclude all assumption that the development of his artistic instinct was led by anything like a cognition of reason. On the contrary, we shall have to keep solely in view the manly strength of his character, to the influence of which upon the development of the Master's inner genius, we have already had occasion to allude.

We there brought Mozart and Haydn at once into comparison with Beethoven. If we consider the lives of the two former, and contrast them with one another,

a transition becomes apparent in respect to the external appointments of life, from Haydn, through Mozart, to Beethoven. HAYDN was and remained a prince's attendant, and had, as a musician, to provide for the entertainment of his pomp-loving lord: temporary interruptions, such as his visits to London, altered the practice of his art but little in its character; for there too he was never more than a musician recommended to and paid by men of rank. Submissive and devout, the peace of a benevolent, cheerful disposition remained his to a good old age: only, the eye which looks at us from his portrait is filled with a soft melancholy.—MOZART's life on the contrary, was an unbroken struggle for a peaceful, seeure existence, while his existence was really destined to remain peculiarly full of hardships. Caressed, when a child, by half Europe, he found, as a youth, every gratification of his vivaciously aroused inclinations rendered difficult even to most oppressive hardship, only, from his entrance upon the age of manhood onwards, to sicken in misery toward an early death. Musical attendance upon a princely

master at once became unendurable to him; he sought to support himself from the applause of the great public,—gave concerts and "Academies;" his fugitive earnings were sacrificed for the enjoyments of life. If Haydn's *prince* continually demanded new entertainment, Mozart was none the less compelled to provide something new, day by day, to attract the *public;* fugitiveness in conception, and in execution according to acquired routine, becomes a chief basis for the explanation of the character of their works. Haydn wrote his truly noble masterpieces only after he had become an old man and was in the enjoyment of comforts secured to him by home and foreign reputation. But Mozart never attained that: his finest works were sketched between the arrogance of the moment, and the anxiety of the coming hour. So a remunerative attendance on a prince presented itself before his soul as, after all, the longed-for means of procuring a life more favourable to artistic productivity. What his Emperor withheld from him, a King of Prussia offered: he "remained true to his Emperor,"—and perished miserably for it.

Had BEETHOVEN made his choice of manner of life, in accordance with cold considerations of reason, that could not have guided him with greater certainty, in view of the history of his two great predecessors, than he was in fact guided by the naïve expression of his inborn character. It is astonishing to see how everything here was decided by the powerful instinct of nature. That instinct speaks quite plainly to us in Beethoven's abhorrence for a life-tendency like Haydn's. A glance at young Beethoven probably sufficed, also, to put any prince out of the notion of making him his chapel-master. But the complexion of his peculiarities of character appears more remarkable in those of its features which preserved him from a fate such as Mozart's. Like him, placed entirely without means in a world where only the useful pays, while the beautiful is rewarded only when it flatters the senses, and the sublime must remain without any return whatever, Beethoven, in the first place, found himself debarred from inclining the world to himself by the beautiful. His physiognomical constitution expressed with overpowering pregnance,

that with him, beauty and softness must pass for identical. The phenomenal world had limited access to him. His eye, almost uncomfortably piercing, perceived in the external world, nothing else than vexatious disturbances of his inner world, and warding them off constituted almost his sole *rapport* with that external world. So the spasm became the expression of his countenance: the spasm of defiance kept his nose, his mouth in that tension which could never relax into smiles, but only into unnatural laughter. If it is held to be an axiom of physiology for high intellectual endowments that a great brain must be enclosed in a thin, delicate skull, as if to facilitate the immediate cognition of external things, we saw, nevertheless, upon the inspection of his remains a few years ago, in conformity with the entire skeleton, a skull of unusual thickness and firmness. So did nature guard in him a brain of extreme tenderness, in order that it might look towards the interior only, and carry on in undisturbed repose, the world-contemplation of a great heart. What that exceedingly robust strength enclosed and preserved

was an inner world of such conspicuous delicacy, that left defenceless to the rough touch of the external world, it would have gently dissolved and evaporated,—as did Mozart's genius of light and love!

Now let us say to ourselves how such a being must have looked at the world from within such a massive frame!—Certainly the inner impulses of that man's will could never, or but indistinctly, determine his apprehension of the external world; they were too violent, and, at the same time, too gentle, to be able to cling to one of the phenomena upon which his glance fell only in timorous haste, or in that mistrust felt by one constantly unsatisfied. Nothing here involved him even in that transient illusion which was able to entice Mozart forth from his inner world, in the mania for external enjoyment. A childish gratification in the dissipations of a great and voluptuous city could scarcely touch Beethoven at all, for the impulses of his will were much too strong to permit him to find the slightest satisfaction in such superficial, motley pursuits. If his inclination to solitude, especially, was nourished by this, that inclination,

again, coincided with his destined independence. A wonderfully sure instinct guided him in this respect, and became the main incentive to the manifestations of his character. No cognition of reason could have directed him more plainly than did this irresistable bent of instinct. What led Spinoza to support himself by glass-cutting,—what filled our Schopenhauer with that anxiety to preserve his little inheritance unimpaired, which determined his whole outer life, and, indeed, inexplicable traits of his character,—*i. e.*, the discernment that the veracity of philosophical investigations is seriously endangered by dependence upon the necessity of earning money by scientific labour, *that* fixed Beethoven in his defiance towards the world, as well as in the almost coarse inclinations manifested in his choice of manner of life.

Beethoven was really forced to support himself from the proceeds of his musical labours. But as nothing enticed him to secure for himself a cheerful, agreeable manner of life, he had less necessity for rapid, superficial labour, or for concessions to a kind of taste which is only to be reached through the pleas-

ing. The more he thus lost connection with the outer world, so much the more clairvoyant was his glance into the inner world. The more confident he became in the employment of his inner wealth, so much the more confidently did he make his demands outward, and he actually required from his benefactors, that they should no longer pay him for his compositions, but so provide for him that he might work altogether for himself, unconcerned as to the rest of the world. And it really happened,—a thing unprecedented in the lives of musicians,—that a few benevolent men of rank, pledged themselves to keep Beethoven independent in the sense demanded. Arrived at a similar turning-point in his life, Mozart sank prematurely exhausted. The greatness of the benefit conferred upon Beethoven, although he did not long enjoy it uninterruptedly or without diminution, founded, nevertheless, that peculiar harmony which, from that time on, was manifested in the Master's life, howsoever strangely constituted. He felt himself victor, and knew that he belonged to the world as a free man only. The world was obliged

to accept him as he was. He acted like a despot towards his benefactors, who were noblemen of high rank, and nothing was to be had from him, save what, and when, he pleased.

But he never felt a desire for anything save what now alone, and continually occupied him, the magician's play with the shapes of his inner world. For the outer world now became extinct to him,—not because blindness robbed him of the power of seeing it, but because deafness finally kept it at a distance from his hearing. The ear was the only organ through which the external world could still crowd in upon him and disturb him: it had long since died away to his eye. What did the enraptured dreamer *see*, when, staring fixedly before him with open eyes, and animated alone by the waking state of his inner world of tones, he wandered through the motley crowded streets of Vienna? The beginning and increase of his infirmity pained him greatly, and disposed him to profound melancholy: after complete deafness had set in, no serious complaints were heard from him, even over the loss of the capability of hearing mu-

sical performances; only, the intercourse of life, which, in itself, had no charms for him, was rendered difficult, and he now avoided it more and more decidedly.

A musician without hearing!—Is a blind painter to be imagined?

But we have heard of a blind *Seer.* The deaf Musician, who, undisturbed by the bustle of life, only heard the harmonies of his soul, and spoke from its depths to that world which to him—had nothing more to say, now resembled Tiresias, from whom the phenomenal world was withdrawn, and who, in its stead, discovered the basis of all phenomenality. So does genius, when emancipated from everything external to itself, exist wholly in and for itself. What wonders must have been disclosed to one who was, at that time, able to see Beethoven, with the vision of Tiresias: a world wandering among men,—the abstract-self of the world, as a wandering man!

And now the musician's eye became enlightened from within, he now cast his glance upon phenomena also, which, illuminated by his inner light, were re-

imparted in wonderful reflex to his soul. Now again the essential nature of things alone spoke to him, displaying them to him in the calm light of beauty. He now understood the forest, the brook, the meadow, the blue æther, the merry throng, the pair of lovers, the song of birds, the flight of clouds, the roaring of the storm, the bliss of beatifically emoved repose. All his seeing and shaping now became permeated with that wondrous serenity which was first imparted to music through him. Even the lament, which is so inwardly original to all tone, hushes itself into smiles: the world regains its childish innocence. "To-day art thou with me in Paradise"—who does not hear the Redeemer's words call to him, as he listens to the "Pastoral Symphony?"

That power of shaping the incomprehensible, the never-seen, the never-experienced, which, however, through it become most immediate experience of most evident comprehensibility,—now grows with him. The joy in exercising this power becomes humour: all the pain of existence is wrecked upon the immense pleasure derived from the play with it; the

creator of worlds, Brahma, laughs to himself as he perceives the illusion with reference to himself: regained innocence plays jestingly with the thorns of expiated guilt, the emancipated conscience banters itself with the torments it has undergone.

Never has an earthly art created anything so serene as the symphonies in A, and F major, with all of those works of the Master, so intimately related to them, which date from that divine period of his complete deafness. Their effect upon the listener is precisely that of emancipation from all guilt, just as the effect of our return to the phenomenal world is precisely that of a squandered paradise. So do those wonderful works preach repentance and amendment of life, in the deepest sense of a divine revelation.

The æsthetic idea of the *sublime* is alone applicable here: for the effect of the serene here rises far above all contentment by the beautiful. All defiance of our reason in its pride in cognition is here wrecked at once upon the charm of the overpowering of our entire nature; with the confession of its error, cognition flees, and it is in the immense joy over this con-

fession that we exult from the depths of our soul, however seriously the entirely fettered mien of the auditor may betray to us his astonishment at the insufficiency of human sight and thought, in the presence of this most veritable world.

What more could remain, for the consideration of the world, of the human nature of the Genius who had been removed from it? What could the eye of the man of the world, who met him, still perceive in him? Certainly, nothing but that which was easily misunderstood, just as he himself held intercourse only through misunderstandings with the world, concerning which, by virtue of his simple greatness of soul, he lived in constant self-contradiction, which was harmoniously resolved only in the most sublime fields of art. For as far as his reason sought to comprehend the world, his mind was soothed, in the first place, by the optimistic views, which in the enthusiastic humanitarian tendencies of the last century, had developed into the common creed of the domestic religious world. Every gentle doubt which was thrown upon the correctness of that doctrine, by the

experience of life, he fought against through the ostensive documentation of fundamental religious maxims. His soul of souls said to him;—Love is God; and so he, too, decreed;—God is Love. Only what touched with emphasis upon these dogmas, in the works of our poets, received his approbation: although "Faust" always took strong hold upon him, Klopstock, and many a more superficial bard of Humanitarianism, appeared to him, nevertheless, worthy of special veneration. His morality was of the strictest domestic exclusiveness: a frivolous mood put him in a rage. He certainly did not display, even to the most attentive observation, one single trace of wit, and despite Bettina's soulful fancies concerning him, Gœthe may likely enough have been brought into real extremity in his interviews with him. But the same sure instinct which led him, feeling no need for luxuries, to watch over his income with a parsimony that, at times, developed into avarice, was also manifested in his strict religious morality, and it was through the power of that instinct, that his noblest treasure, the freedom of his

genius, was preserved from the subjugating influence of the world immediately surrounding him.

He lived in Vienna, and knew Vienna only: that speaks for itself.

The Austrians, who, after the eradication of every trace of German Protestantism among them, were brought up in the schools of Roman Jesuits, had lost even the correct accent of their language, which, like the classical names of the antique world, was now pronounced for them only in an un-German Italianization. German spirit, German manners and customs were explained to them from text-books of Italian or Spanish origin; a people, serene and joyously disposed by nature, had been educated on the basis of falsified history, falsified science, and falsified religion, to a skepticism, which, inasmuch as above all the clinging to the true, the genuine and the free was to be undermined, was necessarily manifested in the form of downright frivolity.

Now it was this same spirit which had imparted to music the cultivation and truly degrading tendency upon which we have already passed judgment, and

music was the only art fostered in Austria. We have seen how Beethoven was protected against that tendency by the mighty endowments of his nature, and we now recognise exactly the same power acting energetically in him, to ward off a frivolous tendency of life and mind. Baptised and brought up as a [Roman] Catholic, the whole spirit of German Protestantism lived in him, by virtue of that disposition of mind. And that spirit, again, led him as an artist also, into the path in which he was to meet the only colleague in his art, before whom he could bow in reverence, and whom he could receive into himself as the revelation of the most profound mystery of his own nature. If Haydn passed for the teacher of the youth, the great SEBASTIAN BACH became the guide for the man, in his mightily self-developing artistic life.

Bach's miraculous work became the bible of his faith; he read in it, and forgot the world of sounds, which he no longer distinguished. There stood written the enigma of his profound inmost dream, which the poor Leipsic chorister had once written

down as the eternal symbol of a new and different world. There were the same enigmatically entwined lines and wonderfully intricate characters, in which the mystery of the light-irradiated world, and its shapes had been revealed to the great ALBRECHT DÜRER; the conjuring book of the necromancer who illumines the microcosm with the light of the macrocosm. What only the eye of German spirit could behold, and only *his* ear could hear, what forced him, from inmost perception, to the irresistable protestation against all external burdens laid upon him, *that* Beethoven now read clearly and distinctly in his most hallowed book, and —— became, himself, a saint!

But how, again, was precisely this saint to demean himself in life, in relation to his own sanctity, inasmuch as he was indeed enlightened to "speak the highest wisdom, but in a language which his reason did not understand?" Must not his intercourse with the world express only the condition of one, who, awakening from deepest sleep, uses all his efforts in vain in the endeavour to recall the blissful dream

of his soul? We may assume a similar condition in the case of the saint of religion who is driven by the most indispensable necessities of life, to apply himself in some degree or other to the affairs of common life: only, this saint distinctly recognises in the very distresses of life, the atonement for a sinful existence, and in their patient endurance he seizes, even with enthusiasm, upon a means of delivery, while that sainted Seer conceived the idea of penance simply as torment, and bore the debt of his existence as a sufferer only. The error of the optimist now revenged itself by increasing those sufferings, and, at the same time, heightening the sufferer's sensitiveness. Every sign of want of feeling, which he encountered, all traits of selfishness or cruelty, such as he perceived again and again, incensed him as incomprehensible corruptions of that original goodness of mankind, to which he adhered with religious faith. So he fell constantly from the paradise of his inner harmony, into the hell of a fearfully discordant existence; which discord within himself he was, in turn, able finally to resolve harmoniously, as an artist only.

If we would represent to ourselves the picture of a day in the life of our Saint, one of the Master's own wonderful compositions may place in our hands the best counterpart. Only, to avoid deceiving ourselves, we must still adhere to the mode of procedure by which we applied the phenomenon of the dream analogically to the origin of music as an art, without, however, making the two identical. In order, then, to illustrate a genuine Beethoven day by its inmost occurrences, I will select his grand QUARTETTE IN C SHARP MINOR. What we should hardly succeed in accomplishing while listening to its performance, for we then feel compelled to lay aside all definite comparisons, and give our attention solely to the immediate revelation from another world,—may be rendered possible to us, to a certain extent at least, if we but recall the tone-poem to memory. Even then I must leave the animation of the picture, in its single details, to the reader's fancy alone, and shall therefore come to his assistance with but a very general scheme.

I should designate the rather long introductory

Adagio,—than which, probably, nothing more melancholy has ever been expressed in tones,—as the awakening on the morning of a day—"which throughout its tardy course no single longing shall fulfill, not one!" Still it is, at the same time, a penitential prayer, a conference with God in faith in eternal goodness.—The introspective eye views (Allegro 6-8) there, too, the comforting phenomenon perceptible to itself only, in which Desire becomes a sweet, sorrowful play with itself: the inmost dream-image awakens in a most charming reminiscence. And now (in the short, transitional Allegro Moderato) it is as though the Master, recollecting his art, addressed himself to his magic work. He now (Andante 2-4) employs the revived power of spells peculiarly his own, to charm a graceful shape, the beatified witness of purest innocence, in order that he may unceasingly enrapture himself by ever new and unprecedented transformations, brought about by the refraction of the rays of eternal light which he causes to fall upon it.—We now fancy (Presto 2-2) that we see him who is rendered, from within, so

completely happy, cast a glance of indescribable serenity upon the outer world. There it once more stands before him as in the Pastoral symphony; everything is rendered luminous to him by his inner happiness; it is as though he heard the tones of the phenomena themselves, which, alternately etherial and gross, move before him in a rhythmical dance. He now looks on life, and seems (short Adagio 3-4) to reflect how he must begin, in order to play this life itself into a dance: a short, but troubled meditation, as though he were burying himself in the deep dream of his soul. A glance has shown him again the inner life of the world: he awakens, and now strikes the strings for a dance, in such a way as the world has never yet heard, (Allegro Finale). It is the dance of the world itself: wild delight, the lamentation of anguish, ecstacy of love, highest rapture, misery, rage, voluptuousness and sorrow: when, suddenly, lightnings quiver, the angry tempest growls; and above all of this, the mighty player, who exorcises, and forces, and proudly and securely conducts everything from the whirlwind to the whirlpool, to

the abyss,—he smiles at himself, for the incantation was to him, after all, only a play. Night beckons to him. His day is finished.

It is not possible to take Beethoven the Man into consideration, without at once bringing in the wonderful Musician Beethoven for his explanation.

We have seen how the instinctive tendency of his life coincided with his tendency to the emancipation of his art; as he himself never could be the servant of luxury, his music, also, must necessarily be freed from all tokens of subordination to a frivolous taste. Now, furthermore, as to the way in which his optimistic religious faith went hand in hand with an instinctive tendency toward the extension of the sphere of his art, we have testimony of the noblest simplicity in his NINTH SYMPHONY, WITH CHORUS, the genesis of which we must here more closely consider, in order to make clear to ourselves the wonderful connection between the designated fundamental tendencies in our Saint's nature.

The same impulse which led Beethoven's cognition of reason to construct for itself the Good Man,

guided him in restoring the melody for that Good Man. He desired to restore to melody that purity which it had lost under the treatment of musical artists. We need only to recall the Italian opera melody of the last century, in order to see how wholly devoted to fashion and its purposes only, that strangely forceless tone-spectre was. Music actually became so deeply degraded by it, and its employment, that the lustful taste constantly required from it something new, just because the melody of yesterday was no longer to be listened to. But from that melody our instrumental music also, drew its life in the first place; and the employment of that music for the purposes of an in no wise noble social life we have already shown.

It was Haydn who now took up sturdy, rustic dance-tunes of the people, which, as is easily perceived, he often appropriated from the dances of the Hungarian peasants in his immediate neighbourhood; he thus remained in a lowly sphere, which was strongly defined by rather narrow local character. But from what sphere was the natural melody to be

taken, if it was to bear a nobler, enduring character? For even those peasant's dance-tunes of Haydn's were engaging chiefly as piquant rarities, while they in no wise formed an art-type of pure humanity, valid for all time. It was likewise impossible to appropriate the sought-for type from the higher spheres of our society, for precisely in them ruled the cockered, curlicued, opera-singer's and ballet-dancer's melody infected with all imaginable faults.—Beethoven also took Haydn's course; only, he no longer employed those popular dance-tunes to afford entertainment at princely banquet-tables, but played them, in an ideal sense before the people themselves. It was now a Scottish, then a Russian, and, again, an old French popular tune in which he recognised the nobility of innocence of which he had dreamed, and at whose feet, in homage, he laid all his art. In the closing movement of his A major symphony he played with a Hungarian peasant's-dance, but transformed its entire nature in such a manner that whoever could now see it danced to, must believe that, in the

prodigious circling vortex, he saw a new planet arising before his eyes.

But the problem was, to find the original type of purity, the ideal "Good Man," of his creed, in order to wed it with his "God is Love." We almost see the Master on this track in his symphony "Eroica:" the uncommonly simple thema of its last movement, which he worked out in other places, also, seemed to him as though it ought to serve as the fundamental scaffolding for that melody; but what of transporting *melos* he built upon that thema, belongs too much to the sentimental Mozartean *cantabile,* which Beethoven developed and extended in such a peculiar manner, to serve as an acquisition in the sense we intend.—The trace is more distinct in the jubilant final movement of his C minor symphony, in which the simple march melody, which strides onward almost entirely in the tonic and dominant, the natural scale of horns and trumpets, moves us so much the more by its grand simplicity inasmuch as the preceeding movements now appear only in the light of preparatives holding us in suspense,—of clouds, as it were, moved

now by storms, and anon by gentle breezes, from which the sun at last bursts forth with glorious beams.

But the C minor symphony (we intercalate this apparent digression as of weight in relation to the subject of our investigation) engages our attention, at the same time as being one of the Master's rarer conceptions, in which, painfully agitated passionateness, as the fundamental tone in the beginning, soars upward on the scale of consolation, of exaltation, to an outburst of consciously triumphant joy. Here, already, lyric pathos almost enters an ideal dramatic sphere in the more positive sense, and while it might appear dubious whether the purity of the musical conception might not thus be clouded, because it must lead to the introduction of ideas which, in themselves, seem entirely foreign to the spirit of music,—it must not be overlooked, on the other hand, that in this the Master was by no means led by aberrating æsthetic speculation, but solely by an instinct altogether ideal, which germinated in the most proper sphere of music. That instinct coincided, as we

showed at the beginning of the present investigation, with the effort to rescue, or perhaps, regain for consciousness, in the face of all protests of life-experience (which protests were to be referred to the mere appearance of things), faith in the primitive goodness of human nature. Those conceptions of the Master's, which originated almost altogether in the spirit of the sublimest serenity, belong, as we have already seen, chiefly to that divine period of his beatific isolation, which, after his complete deafness set in, seems entirely to have removed him from the world of suffering. Perhaps, now, there is no necessity for our basing upon the more painful mood which again appears in some of Beethoven's most important conceptions, an assumption of the decline of that inner serenity, as we should certainly err, were we to believe that the artist could ever conceive save in profound inner, psychical serenity. The mood which is expressed by the conception must therefore belong to the idea of the world itself which the artist apprehends, and renders distinct in the work of art. But then as we most positively assume that in music the

idea of the world manifests itself, the conceiving musician is, consequently and above all, himself contained in that idea [of the world] and what he utters is not *his view* of the world, but the world itself, in which alternate, grief and joy, prosperity and suffering. The conscious doubt of the *man* Beethoven was also contained in this world, and that doubt therefore speaks *immediately*, and in no wise as the object of reflection from within him, when he expresses the world in such a manner as, for instance, in his Ninth symphony, the first movement of which certainly displays the idea of the world in its most horrible light. But, on the other hand, in precisely that work, the deliberately regulating will of its creator unmistakably prevails; we meet its expression without any intermediation, when, to the raging of the desperation that after each silencing constantly returns as with the cry of fright of one awakening from a fearful dream, that will calls out in the actually spoken word, the ideal sense of which is none other than ;—" Man is good, after all!"

It has ever given offence not only to professional

criticism, but also to unprejudiced feeling, to see the Master here suddenly exceed, in a certain measure, the bounds of music, as if stepping forth from the magic circle which he himself had drawn, in order thus to appeal to an imaginative faculty entirely different from musical conception. This unprecedented artistic occurrence does actually resemble the precipitant waking from a dream; but at the same time, we feel its beneficial action on him who by that dream had been affrighted to the utmost; for never before had a musician caused us to experience the torments of the world in such horrible infinitude. So that it was actually a plunge of desperation with which the divinely naïve Master, filled with his own magic alone, entered the new world of light, in the soil of which bloomed before his sight, the long-sought, divinely sweet, innocently pure melody of humanity.

With the just designated regulating will, consequently, which guided him to that melody, we see the Master (who had not lost his way) still contained in music as the idea of the world; for, in reality, it is not the sense of the words that engages our atten-

tion upon the entrance of the human voice, but the character [tone] of the human voice itself. Nor is it the ideas expressed in Schiller's verses which henceforth occupy us, but the cordial sounds of the choral song, in which we feel ourselves invited to join, in order, as really occurs in Sebastian Bach's grand "Passion Music," at the entrance of the choral, to participate as congregation in the ideal Divine Service. It is quite apparent that especially the chief melody proper, is imperfectly set to Schiller's words—we may say with little skill; for that melody, developed before us at first entirely for itself, and sustained by instruments alone, had there filled us with inexpressible emotions of joy over the Paradise regained.

Never has the most consummate art produced any thing more artistically simple than that melody, the child-like innocence of which fills us as with holy thrills when we first hear it in unison in most monotonical whispers from the bass instruments of the orchestra. It then becomes the plain song (Cantus Firmus), the choral of the new congregation, around

which, as in the church chorals of Sebastian Bach, the harmonic voices group themselves counterpoint-wise as they are successively added: nothing equals the sweet fervour to which this prototype of purest innocence is animated by each newly-added voice, until every ornament, every glory of elevated feeling, unites in and around it like the breathing world around a finally revealed dogma of purest love.

If we survey the progress for the history of art which music made under Beethoven, we may briefly designate it as the gain of a faculty which it had previously been considered necessary to deny it: a faculty by virtue of which music has risen far above the sphere of the æsthetically beautiful, into that of the altogether sublime; in which sphere it is released from all constraint of traditional or conventional forms, by means of the most complete penetration and animation of those forms with the proper spirit of music. And this gain is at once manifest to all minds in the character imparted by Beethoven to the chief form of all music, the melody, for which the highest natural simplicity has been regained, as the

source whence melody is renewed at all times and for all requirements, and whence it is nurtured to highest and richest variety. And we may condense this into a conception intelligible to all: through Beethoven, melody has become emancipated from the influence of fashion and fluctuating taste, and elevated to an eternally valid type of pure humanity. Beethoven's music will be understood in all ages, while that of his predecessors will, for the most part, remain intelligible to us only through the medium of the light thrown upon it by the history of art.

But still another advance is to be seen in the path by which Beethoven attained the decisively important ennoblement of melody; that is, the new significance which VOCAL MUSIC attained in its relations to purely instrumental music.

That significance was foreign to all previous mixed vocal and instrumental music. The latter, which, hitherto, was to be met with chiefly in sacred compositions, we may unhesitatingly regard, to begin with, as only deteriorated vocal music, inasmuch as the orchestra was there employed only to support, or ac-

company the voices of the chorus. The great Sebastian Bach's sacred compositions are only intelligible through the vocal chorus; but then that chorus itself is there, already, treated with the freedom and mobility of an instrumental orchestra, which led naturally, and of itself, to supplementing the orchestra in order to strengthen and support the chorus. Hand in hand with that mixture, in connection with the steadily increasing decline in the spirit of sacred music, we come upon the intermixture of Italian operatic songs, with orchestral accompaniment in accordance with the favorite embellishments of different periods. It was reserved for Beethoven's genius to employ the art-complex resulting from that mixture purely in the sense of an orchestra of enhanced capabilities. In his grand *Missa Solemnis* we have before us a purely symphonic work of the most genuine Beethoven spirit. The chorus voices are here treated wholly in the sense of human instruments, as which alone, Schopenhauer most rightly wished to have them recognized. The text which is set to them in this grand sacred composition, is not

to be taken by us in accordance with its conceptional signification, for in the sense of the work of musical art, that text serves simply as material for the human voices; and it does not stand in a disturbing relation to our musically determined feelings, only because it in no wise excites ideas of reason within us, but in keeping with its religious character, only leaves upon us the impression of well-known, symbolical formularies of faith.

Through the experience, that a piece of music loses nothing of its character even when very different words are set to it, it becomes clear that the relation of music to *poetry* is a wholly illusory one; for it holds true that when a piece of music is sung, it is not the poetic idea, (which, in choruses especially, is not heard intelligibly articulated), that we apprehend, but, at most, *that element* in it which it incited in the musician's mind as musical and suitable for music. Hence, a union of music and poetry must ever result in such a subordination of poetry, that we can but be surprised especially when we see how our great German poets continually reconsidered the problem of

a union of the two arts, or actually attempted its solution. In that, they were obviously led by the effect of music in the opera; and it must indeed be admitted that here alone seemed to lie the field in which a solution of the problem was to be found. Now, whether the expectations of our poets referred, on the one hand more to the formal conformity in structure between the two arts, or, on the other, more to the deeply exciting effect of music upon the mind, it nevertheless remains obvious that it could only have been their intention to employ the powerful auxiliary which seemed here to be offered them, for the purpose of giving the poetic idea a more precise, as well as a more deeply penetrating expression. It might appear to them that music would willingly render them this service, if in the place of the trivial opera subjects and opera texts, they were to supply for it seriously meant poetical conceptions. What always deterred them from serious attempts in that direction may very likely have been an unclear, but rightly deduced doubt as to whether the poem, as such, would be noticed at all in its combined opera-

tion with music. It could not have escaped them, upon careful reflection, that aside from the music, only the scenic occurrences, not, however, the explanatory poetic idea, claimed the attention in the opera, and that in the opera only sight and hearing, alternately, were engaged. That perfect æsthetical satisfaction was to be gained for neither the one nor the other receptive faculty, is obviously to be explained from the fact that, as I have already pointed out, the opera-music did not attune to that devoutness alone in keeping with music, in which sight becomes depotentialized in such a way that the eye no longer perceives objects with its accustomed intensiveness; while, on the other hand, we were compelled to find that there, only superficially touched by the music, and more excited by, than filled with it, we demanded something to *see*, but by no manner of means any thing to *think* about; for we were entirely robbed of the capability of thinking by precisely that contradiction in our demands for entertainment, in consequence of mental dissipation, which, after all, struggled against tedium only.

Now, in the foregoing reflections, we have made ourselves sufficiently familiar with Beethoven's peculiar nature to understand the Master at once, in his relations to the opera, when he most positively declined ever composing an opera-text of frivolous tendency. Ballet, shows, fire-works, sensual love-intrigues, etc.,—to write music for these, Beethoven refused with horror. His music must be able completely to penetrate an action throughout noble-hearted and passionate. What poet was able in that to offer him his hand? An attempt once made brought him into contact with a dramatic situation which, in itself, was free from that hated frivolity at least, and which, moreover, through the glorification of woman's fidelity, agreed well with the Master's leading humanitarian dogma. And yet that opera-subject embraced so much that was foreign to music and not to be assimilated to it, that properly speaking, only the grand overture to Leonora, makes plain to us what Beethoven would have us understand by the drama. Who can listen to that transporting composition, without being filled with the conviction

that music contains the most complete drama within itself? What is the dramatic action of the text to the opera of "Leonora," but an almost repulsive dilution of the drama presented in the overture, like, perhaps, a tedious explanatory commentary by Gervinus upon a scene of Shakespeare's?

The perception of this, which here forces itself upon every one's feelings, becomes perfectly clear cognition when we go back to the philosophical explanation of music itself.

Music, which does not exhibit the ideas contained in the phenomena of the world, but is itself an idea of the world, and, indeed, a comprehensive one, includes the drama within itself as a matter of course, as the drama, again, expresses the only idea of the world co-extensive with music. The drama towers above the limits of poetical art exactly in the same manner as music towers above those of every other art, and plastic art especially,—in that its effect is that of the sublime only. As the drama does not portray human character, but permits it to display itself immediately,—so music, in its motives, gives

us the character of all phenomena of the world, according to their most inner abstract-self. The motion, shaping, and transformation of those motives, are not only related to the drama analogically and alone, but the idea-exhibiting drama is in truth to be understood, with perfect clearness, only through those musical motives, which thus move, and are shaped and transformed. We might not err, then, if we were to recognise in music man's *a priori* qualification, in general, for constructing the drama. As we construct for ourselves the phenomenal world, by the employment of the laws of time and space which are prefigured *a priori* in our brain, so, again, this conscious exhibition of the idea of the world in the drama would be prefigured in those inner musical laws which unconsciously make themselves valid in the dramatist's mind, just as the laws of causality are unconsciously employed for the apperception of the phenomenal world.

It was the intimation of that truth which possessed our great German poets; and perhaps in that intimation they expressed as well, the mysterious ground

of Shakespeare's inexplicableness according to other assumptions. That mighty dramatist, indeed, was not to be comprehended by analogy with any other poet, for which reason, moreover, no æsthetical judgment concerning him has as yet been established. His dramas appear such an immediate image of the world, that the artistic intermediation in the exhibition of the idea is wholly imperceptible, and especially is not to be critically adduced; wherefore, greatly wondered at as the product of a superhuman genius, they became to our great poets, almost in the same manner as wonders of nature, a study for the discovery of the laws of their production.

How far Shakespeare was elevated above the poet proper, is often rudely enough expressed, in the uncommon fidelity of every feature of his exhibitions, when the poet, as for instance, in the scene of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius (in Julius Cæsar) is unceremoniously treated as a silly creature; while, on the other hand, we never met with the supposed "poet" Shakespeare, save in the most proper character of the shapes themselves, which move before

us in his dramas.—Hence Shakespeare remained wholly incomparable until German genius produced in Beethoven a being to be analogically explained by comparison with him alone.—If we comprise the complex of Shakespeare's world of shapes, with the uncommon pregnance of the characters which are contained, and meet together in that world,—in a total impression upon our inmost perception, and if we compare with it the like complex of Beethoven's world of [musical] motives, with their irresistable penetrativeness and precision, we must perceive that one of these worlds concurs completely with the other, so that although they seem to move in entirely different spheres, each is contained in the other.

In order to facilitate this idea, we will produce an example in the *Overture to Coriolanus*, in which Beethoven and Shakespeare come in contact on the same subject matter. If, collecting our thoughts together, we recall to mind the impression made upon us by the shape of Coriolanus in Shakespeare's drama, and if, in the first place, we hold fast only such of the details of the complicated action as are

impressive solely through their relation to the chief character;—we perceive rising above all the complications the single shape of the defiant Coriolanus in conflict with the voice of his inmost soul, which voice speaks to his pride still louder and more penetratively in the person of his own mother; and, as the dramatic development, we retain solely the mastering of his pride by that voice, the breaking of the defiance of an extraordinarily powerful nature. Beethoven chose for his drama those two chief motives alone, which cause us to feel the inmost essential nature of these characters, more distinctly than does all conceptional presentation of them. If we now follow devoutly the action which develops from the sole contrast of those motives, and belongs entirely to their musical character; and, on the other hand, if we permit the purely musical details, which comprise the modifications, contacts, separations, and climaxes of those motives, to act upon us,—we are following, at the same time, a drama, which in its peculiar means of expression contains, again, all that in the form of complications of action, and attri-

tion of lesser characters, engages our interest in the work of the stage-poet. What moved us there, in the form of immediately displayed action which we almost lived through ourselves, we apprehend here as the inmost kernel of that action; for that action became defined there by the characters acting like natural powers, in the same way as it is here defined by the musician's motives, which, in their inmost essential nature are identical with and act in those characters. Only, in that sphere those, and in this sphere these laws of motion and expansion prevail.

If we have called music the revelation of the inmost dream-image of the essential nature of the world, Shakespeare may pass with us for the Beethoven who dreams on in waking. The formal conditions of the laws of apperception to which they are subject, are what separate their respective spheres. The most perfect artistic form must accordingly lie on the boundary where these laws come in contact. Now what makes Shakespeare so incomprehensible, so incomparable, is, that the dramatic forms, which with conventional prudishness, were still set down,

in the plays of the great Calderon, as most properly artistic works,—that those forms were filled with such buoyant life by him that they appear to us altogether supplanted by nature: we no longer believe we see before us artificially formed men, but real ones instead; while, on the other hand, they stand, after all, at such a wonderful distance from us that we are compelled to regard real contact with them just as impossible as though we had spirit-phenomena before us.—Now if Beethoven was precisely like Shakespeare in his bearing toward the formal laws of his art, and in his emancipatory penetration of them, we may hope most plainly to designate the boundary, or point of transition signified, between the two spheres above designated, by again taking our philosopher for our immediate guide, and, indeed, by returning to the point aimed at in his hypothetical dream-theory, the explanation of spirit phenomena.

The question did not turn upon the metaphysical, but the physiological explanation of the so-called "second sight." The organ of dreams was there considered as acting in that part of the brain which

is excited by impressions of the organism that in deepest sleep is occupied with its inner affairs, in a manner analogous to that in which the extroverted part of the brain, immediately connected with the organs of sense, and at present perfectly quiet, becomes excited when awake by impressions of the external world. The dream communication conceived by virtue of that inner organ, could be delivered only by a second dream immediately preceeding our awakening, which [latter dream] could mediate the veritable contents of the first [dream] only in allegorical form, since the forms of cognition of the world of phenomena, according to time and space, had already to be brought into use here during the preparation for the final awakening of the extroverted brain, and, consequently an image constructed which was related throughout to the common-experiences of life.—We then compared the musician's work to the vision of the somnambulist who has become clairvoyant, as the immediate copy of the inmost genuine dream beheld by him and manifested to the outer world in the most excited state of clairvoyance, and

we discovered the channel for his communication in the path of the origin and formation of the world of sounds.—To that physiological phenomenon of somnambulistic clairvoyance, which we here call in by way of analogy, let us now add the other phenomenon of spirit seeing; and with reference to this, as well, employ Schopenhauer's hypothetical explanation, according to which it is a clairvoyance which occurs while the brain is awake; *i. e.*, this is said to occur in consequence of a depotentialization of the waking vision, the sight of which, at present unveiled, makes use of the inner impulse to a communication to the consciousness (which is upon the very verge of waking) in order distinctly to display to this consciousness the shape which appeared to it in its inmost genuine dream. That shape, which, from the interior, is thus projected before the eye, belongs in no wise to the real, phenomenal world; it lives, nevertheless, before the spirit seer, with all the indicia of an actual being. With this projection before the waking person's eyes of the image beheld by the inner will, (which it succeeds in achieving in

rare and extraordinary cases only), let us now compare Shakespeare's work, in order to explain him to ourselves as the spirit-seer, and spirit-conjuror, who was able from his inmost intuition to place the shapes of men of all times before his, and our waking eyes, in such a manner that they seem actually to live before us.

Now as soon as we have mastered this analogy with all its consequences, we may designate Beethoven, whom we compared to the clairvoyant somnambulist, as the spirit-seeing Shakespeare's productive foundation. What Beethoven's melodies produce, Shakespeare's spirit-shapes also project; and both penetrate in common to one and the same essential nature if we allow the musician, while stepping forward in the world of sound, to enter at the same time the world of light. This might happen analogously to the physiological occurrences which, on the one hand, become the basis of spirit vision, and on the other, produce somnambulistic clairvoyance; with reference to which occurrences it is to be assumed that in a manner the reverse of that in which

external impressions enter the brain while awake, an internal excitation forces its way through the brain from within toward the exterior, where it finally encounters the organs of sense, and determines them to attest outwards that which, as object, has made its way from the interior. But then, we have affirmed the undeniable fact that during the cordial hearing of a piece of music, our vision is depotentialized in such a way that we no longer perceive objects intensively: this, consequently, would be the condition excited by the inmost world of dreams, which, as depotentialization of the sight, renders possible the phenomenon of the spirit shape.

This hypothetical explanation of an otherwise inexplicable physiological occurrence, may be employed for the solution of the artistic problem now before us, in different ways, in order to attain the same result. Shakespeare's spirit-shapes, by the complete awakening of the inner organ of music, would be led [in Beethoven's music] to intone; or Beethoven's motives would inspire the depotentialized vision to the distinct attestation of those shapes embodied in

which, those motives [in Shakespeare's dramas] move before the now clairvoyant eye. In the one as well as the other of these cases, in themselves essentially identical, the enormous power which here, in opposition to the regulations of natural law, moves from within towards the exterior in the already given sense of the formation of phenomena, must result from a deepest need, and that need is probably the same which, in common occurrences of life, produces the anxious cry of one suddenly awakening from the oppressing dream-vision of deepest sleep; only that here, in extraordinary, in prodigious cases, cases which shape the life of the genius of humanity, the need conducts to an awakening in a new world of clearest cognition and highest endowment, which is to be laid open through such an awakening alone.

But we witness such an awaking from deepest need in that remarkable leap of instrumental music into vocal (which has remained such a stumbling block to ordinary æsthetical criticism), from the explanation of which, in the discussion of Beethoven's Ninth symphony, we entered upon this far-extending inves-

tigation. What we are there [in the Ninth symphony] sensible of, is a certain excess, a mighty necessitation to an outward disburdening, which is comparable throughout to the impulse to awaken from a deeply disquieting dream; and what is significant for the art-genius of humanity is that that impulse called forth in this instance an artistic deed, through which a new faculty, the capability of producing the highest work of art, was imparted to that genius.

With reference to that work of art we are to conclude that it must be the *most perfect drama,* and, consequently, a work standing far above one of poetic art proper. We, who have recognised the identity of Shakespeare's drama with Beethoven's, may be permitted thus to conclude; with reference to which drama, on the other hand, we must assume that it bears the same relation to the "opera" that one of Shakespeare's works does to a literary drama, or a symphony of Beethoven's to a piece of operatic music.

The fact that in the course of his Ninth Symphony,

Beethoven simply turns back to the formal choral-cantata with orchestra, must not mislead us in judging of that remarkable leap from instrumental over to vocal music; we have already estimated the significance of the choral part of the symphony and recognised it as belonging to the most proper field of music; aside from that profound ennoblement of melody by him, nothing unprecedented, in regard to form, lies before us in it; it is a cantata with verses to which the music bears no other relation than to any other vocal text. We know that text-writers' verses, though they were those of a Gœthe or Schiller, cannot exercise a determining influence upon music; that, the *drama* alone is capable of doing, and, indeed, not the dramatic poem, but the drama which actually moves before our eyes as the counterpart of music then become visible,—the drama, in which word and speech belong only to the action, and no longer to the poetic idea.

It is, therefore, not Beethoven's *work* which we must here lay firm hold upon, as the culminating point of the unfolding of his genius, but the musician's un-

precedented artistic *deed* which that work [the Ninth Symphony] contains; since we declare that the work of art which was formed and quickened entirely by that deed, must present the most perfect *artistic form—i. e.*, that form in which, as for the drama, so also, and especially, for music, every conventionality would be completely abolished. That new artistic form, thoroughly worthy of the German spirit so powerfully individualized in our great Beethoven, a form created purely human by him, and yet original with him—such a form was at the same time the only one which the new world had still lacked in comparison with the antique.

He who permits himself to be influenced by the views concerning Beethoven's music which I have here expressed, will not escape being considered fantastic and high-flown; and, indeed, this reproach will be cast upon him not only by our modern educated and uneducated musicians, the most of whom have

experienced the dream-vision of music to which we alluded, only in the form of Bottom's vision in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, but especially by our literary poets, and even plastic artists, as far as they trouble themselves at all about questions which appear to lead entirely away from their sphere. We must make up our minds to bear that reproach calmly, though it should be cast upon us most contemptuously—indeed, with an utter ignoring of every thing meant to be insulting; for it must be evident to us that, in the first place, such persons are wholly unable to discern what we recognise, while, in the best of cases, they are able to perceive only, and precisely, as much as is necessary to make their own unproductivity explicable to them; but that they should be frightened back by the cognition of that, ought not to be incomprehensible to us.

When we consider the character of our public literary and artistic life at present, we perceive a noticeable change which has here taken place within about a generation. Everything looks not only like hope, but even to such a degree like certainty, that the

great period of German regeneration, with its Gœthe and Schiller, is viewed even with depreciation, well-tempered though it be. This was somewhat different a generation ago: the character of the age was then openly proclaimed to be an essentially critical one; people then designated the "spirit of the times" as a "paper" one, and believed it admissible to allow even to plastic art an activity only in the combination and employment of inherited types; an activity certainly deprived of all originality and merely reproductive. We must assume that people saw more clearly, and spoke out more frankly at that time, than is the case to-day. Whoever, therefore, despite the confident bearing of our *literati*, and literary plastic artists, builders and others who hold intercourse with the public mind, is still of the opinion which formerly obtained,—with him we may hope to come to an understanding sooner if we undertake to place in its proper light the incomparable significance which music has gained with reference to the development of our civilisation, for which purpose, finally, we will turn from that contemplation of the inner world in

which, during our previous investigations, we have for the most part been absorbed, to a consideration of the outer world in which we live, and under the pressure of which that inner essential nature has become possessed of its present reactionary power towards the exterior.

In order not to become entangled in a wide-spun web of illusions concerning the history of civilisation, let us at once seize upon a characteristic feature of the public spirit of the immediate present.

While German weapons are victoriously penetrating towards the centre of French civilisation, a feeling of shame has suddenly awakened among ourselves at our dependence upon that civilisation, and appears in public in the form of a call to lay aside Paris fashionable costumes. What our nation's sense of propriety has not only borne so long without any protest, but our public spirit has really emulated with eagerness and zeal, appears at last to have become offensive to patriotic feeling. What indeed did a glance at our Public offer to the plastic artist, a Public which, on the one hand, only afforded material

for the caricatures of our comic papers, while, on the other, our poets continued undisturbed to sound the praises of "German womanhood?"—It is our opinion that there is not a word of illustration to lose over this so peculiarly complicated phenomenon.—It might perhaps be regarded as a passing evil: we might expect that the blood of our sons, brothers, and husbands, poured out upon the most murderous battle-fields of history in behalf of the most sublime ideas of German spirit, would at least cause the cheeks of our daughters, sisters and wives, to flush with shame, and that noblest distress must suddenly awaken within them a pride in no longer presenting themselves before their male relations as caricatures of the most laughable kind. Now, we willingly believe, for the honour of German women, that they are moved in this by a worthy feeling; and yet every one must probably laugh upon hearing of the first demands addressed to them to provide themselves with a new costume. Who does not feel that here the question can only be of a new, and probably very inept masquerade? For it is not owing to an acci-

dental caprice of our public life that we are under the sway of fashion, just as the fact that the caprices of Parisian taste dictate to us the regulations of fashion, is probably founded in the history of modern civilisation. French taste, *i. e.*, the spirit of Paris and Versailles, has really been for two hundred years the only productive ferment in European culture; while the spirit of no nation was able to form additional types of art, French spirit produced at least the external form of society, and, as to the present time, the fashionable costume.

Though these may be undignified phenomena, they agree originally with French spirit; they express it in a manner as quickly to be recognised, and as precisely as did the Renaissance Italian spirit, and their types of art the spirit of the Romans, Greeks, Egyptians and Assyrians: and that the French are the ruling people of modern civilisation they in no way more clearly demonstrate to us than by the fact that our fancy at once comes upon the ludicrous when we imagine ourselves striving to emancipate ourselves from their fashions only. We recognise at once that

a "German fashion" set up in opposition to "French fashion," would be something wholly absurd; and inasmuch as our feelings will nevertheless rebel against that rule, we must finally understand that we have fallen under a real curse, from which only a regeneration infinitely deep could redeem us. That is to say, our entire fundamental nature must be altered in such a way that the very *idea of fashion* will become wholly meaningless even with relation to the shaping of our outer life.

With regard to that in which this regeneration must consist we must draw our conclusions with great caution, after having first inquired into the cause of the extreme deterioration of public taste for art. As the employment of analogies in connection with the principal subject of our investigations led, with some degree of success, to results otherwise difficult of attainment, let us, in the first place, again try repairing to a province of reflection apparently remote, but in which, at all events, we may gain a complement to our views concerning the plastic character of our public life.

If we would represent to ourselves a true paradise of productivity of the human mind, we must go back to days before the invention of letters or their notation upon parchment or paper. We are forced to the conclusion that that whole civilised life which still continues to exist as the subject of reflection, or of purposive application only, was born there. There *poetry* was nothing else than the actual invention of myths; *i. e.*, ideal occurrences in which human life, according to its varying character, was reflected in objective reality, in the sense of immediate spirit-phenomena. We see every nobly disposed people in possession of that faculty up to the time when they arrived at the employment of written characters. From that time forward its poetic power decays: the language, which had hitherto been actively shaping, as in a continual process of natural development, now falls into the process of crystalization and becomes rigid; poetry becomes the art of adorning old myths, for new ones can no longer be invented, and it ends as rhetoric and dialectics.—But let us now represent to ourselves the leap from writing to

printing. The master of the house formerly read to his family and his guests from the costly, written book; now, however, every one reads for himself in silence in printed books and the author writes for the reader. We must recall the religious sects of the period of the Reformation, with their disputations and treatises, in order to gain insight into the raging delirium that has usurped control over the human heads literally "possessed" with printer's type. It may be assumed that only Luther's glorious choral rescued the healthy spirit of the Reformation, because it stayed the mind and thus healed the cerebral typomania. But the genius of a people could still come to an understanding with the printer, wretched as it might find the intercourse; with the invention of newspapers, however, and since journalism has attained its full bloom, that good spirit of the people has been forced to retire altogether from public life. For now only opinions rule, and indeed "public opinions;" they are to be had for money, like the public women: whoever takes a newspaper, has procured not only the waste paper, but also its opinions;

he no longer needs to think or to reflect; what he is to believe of God and the world, is already thought out for him in black and white. And now the Parisian journal of fashions tells the "German woman" how she is to dress; for the Frenchman has acquired the full right to tell us what is correct in such matters, since he has elevated himself to the position of the proper illustrator-in-colours of our world of journals.

If, with the transformation of the poetical world into a literary-journalistic one, we compare that transformation which the world has already experienced as one of forms and colours, we meet with precisely the same result.

Who, would be so presumptuous as to declare himself really able to form a conception of the grandeur and divine sublimity of the plastic world of Grecian antiquity? Every glance at a single fragment preserved to us from its ruins, causes us to feel with awe that we here stand before a life, for the estimation of which we cannot find even the slightest standard. That world had acquired the

prerogative for all time, to teach us, even from its ruins, how the remaining course of life in the world might be shaped so as to be in some measure endurable. We are indebted to the great ITALIANS for having revived that teaching for us, and generously introduced it into our more modern world. We see that people, so highly endowed with rich fancy, completely exhaust themselves in their passionate fostering of that teaching; after a wonderful century, they vanish like a dream from history, which from that time on mistakenly takes possession of an apparently kindred people, as if to see what might be drawn from them of forms and colours of the world. An able statesman and ecclesiastical prince sought to inoculate the spirit of the FRENCH people with Italian art and civilisation, after Protestant spirit had been completely eradicated among them: they had seen their noblest chieftains fall, and what was spared by St. Bartholomew's Night in Paris, had finally been carefully burnt out to the very stump. The rest of the nation was now "artistically" treated; but inasmuch as all fancy was failing, or had wholly expired

among them, productivity was nowhere to be discovered, and they remained incapable, especially, of creating works of art. The Frenchman succeeded better in making an artistic being of himself: the artistic idea which did not enter his fancy, could be made into an artistic exhibition of the entire man himself. This could even pass for antique, *i. e.*, if it was assumed that the man must in himself be an artist before he produced works of art. Now, if a much admired, and gallant king took the lead with the right example of uncommon delicacy of demeanour, in each and every respect, it was easy, through the descending scale of courtiers, finally to influence the entire people to adopt the gallant manners, by the fostering of which into a kind of second nature, the Frenchman could at last deem himself elevated above the Italian of the Renaissance, inasmuch as he only created works of art, while the Frenchman had become a work of art himself.

We may say that the Frenchman is the product of a special art of expressing, moving, and dressing himself. His rule for that is "Taste,"—a word

which, derived from the lowest function of sense, has come to possess an intellectual tendency; and with this Taste he relishes himself just exactly as he has "dressed" himself, that is, like a well-tasting sauce. In this he has indisputably become a virtuoso: he is thoroughly "fashionable," and when he sets himself up for the imitation of the entire civilised world, it is not *his* fault if he is awkwardly imitated, but, on the contrary, it amounts rather to continual flattery to find himself alone original in that in which others feel forced to imitate him.—This man is himself thoroughly a journal; music, no less than plastic art, is to him a subject for the "Feuilleton." As a thoroughly fashionable man, he has adjusted plastic art to himself just as he has his costume, in which he proceeds purely in accordance with his inclination towards novelty, *i. e.*, perpetually moving vicissitude. Here the furniture is the chief consideration: for its sake the architect builds the house. The tendency in accordance with which this formerly occurred was, up to the great Revolution, still original in the sense that it adhered to the rul-

ing class of society in the same way that the costume did to the body and the *frisure* to the head. Since then that tendency has fallen into decay as far as the classes of rank—shyly refraining from leading in fashion,—have, instead, abandoned the initiative in that to the greater portion of the population, which (we have Paris steadily in view) has attained importance. Here, now, the so-called *demi-monde,* with its paramours, has become the leader of fashion: the Parisian lady seeks to make herself attractive to her husband by imitating the customs and costumes of the demi-monde; for here every thing is still in such an original state that customs and costumes belong to and complement each other. Now from this side, all influence whatsoever upon plastic art is renounced, and it has finally passed over entirely to the sphere of the dealer in artistic fashions, in the form of hardware and upholstery work—almost as in the first beginnings of art among nomadic peoples. Inasmuch as fashion can never produce any thing really new, the exchanging of extremes is the only expedient at its command: and it is actually this

tendency to which our strangely advised plastic artists have finally united themselves in order again to bring to light, even noble artistic forms—of course not of their own invention. Now Antique and Roccoco, Gothic and Renaissance, alternate; the factories turn out Laocoon groups, Chinese porcelain, copies after Raphael and Murillo, Etruscan vases, mediæval carpet-textures; with them come furniture à la Pompadour, and stuccos à la Louis XIV; the architect encloses the whole in Florentine style and puts an Ariadne group on top.

"Modern Art" now becomes a new principle for æstheticians. The original feature of that art is its utter lack of originality, and its inestimable gain consists in the bartering of all styles of art, which have now become known to the most ordinary perception, and applicable to every one's wants, according to the inclinations of taste.—But a new Humanitarian principle is also attributed to "modern art," *i.e.*, the democratization of taste for art. This principle asserts, that from this phenomenon, we are to derive hope for the civilisation of the people; for the arts

and their productions no longer exist for the enjoyment of the privileged classes alone, but now the meanest citizen has it within his power to place before himself, over his fireplace, the noblest types of art, which enjoyment is accessible also to the very beggar in front of the show-windows of our art-shops. We ought at all events to be content with that; for how even the most gifted head is to discover a new style for either plastic art or literature, now that every thing lies pell-mell before us, must remain only too incomprehensible.

We may fully agree with the foregoing opinion; for we here have before us a result of history fully as consistent as is that of our civilisation in general. It might be thought that these consistencies would expend themselves, *i. e.*, in the downfall of our civilisation. This might safely be assumed, were all history then thrown to the winds—as would necessarily be involved in consistent Social Communism, if that should master the modern world in the sense of a practical religion. With our civilisation, at all events we have arrived at the end of all true productivity,

as regards its plastic forms, and we shall do well finally, to accustom ourselves not to expect in this department—in which the antique world stands before us, an unattainable model—any thing resembling that model; but, on the other hand, we must perhaps content ourselves with those strange results of modern civilisation, (which actually appear to many as quite worthy of recognition), and, indeed, in the same consciousness with which we are compelled to regard the getting up of a new German fashion in clothing, for ourselves, and especially for our wives, as a fruitless attempt at reaction against the spirit of our civilisation.

For as far as the eye can reach, we are ruled by *Fashion.*

But by the side of this world of fashion, another world has simultaneously arisen. As Christianity arose under the Roman universal civilisation, so Music now bursts forth from the chaos of modern civilisation. Both affirm: "Our kingdom is not of this world." That is to say: we are from within, you from without; we are the offspring of the es-

sential nature of things, you of the *semblance* of things.

Let every one experience for himself how the entire modern world of phenomena, which, to his despair, remorselessly hems him in on every side, suddenly vanishes into nothingness as soon as the first measures only of one of those divine symphonies are heard.—How would it be possible to listen to such music with any devoutness whatever in a modern concert hall (in which Turcos and Zouaves, it is true, would feel quite comfortable!), if the visible surroundings did not vanish—a phenomenon which we have already touched upon—from our optical perception? But then, taken in the most earnest sense, that is the uniform effect of music in the presence of our entire modern civilisation; music extinguishes it just as sun-shine does lamp-light.

It is difficult to form a distinct idea of the manner in which music has always manifested its special power in the presence of the world of phenomena. The music of the Hellenes appears to us to have thoroughly permeated the phenomenal world itself,

and blended with the laws of its perceptibility. It is certain that through music alone, can we gain a lively understanding of Pythagoras' numbers; the architect built according to the laws of eurythmy, the plastic artist comprehended the human form according to those of harmony; the rules of melody made a bard of the poet, and from choral song the drama was projected upon the stage. We everywhere perceive that inner law which is only intelligible through the spirit of music, determining the outer law which regulates the intuitional world: the genuinely antique Doric State which Plato attempted to fix, as a conception, from philosophy, nay military discipline, and battles were conducted by the laws of music with the same certainty as the dance.—But the paradise was lost: the primitive source of motion of a world gradually became exhausted. That world now moved like a ball from that impetus received, in the whirl of radial vacillation; still an impelling soul no longer dwelt in it, and, consequently, the motion necessarily died away, until the soul of the world was reawakened and renewed.

It was the spirit of Christianity which animated anew the soul of music. The soul of music transfigured the eye of the Italian painter, and inspired his vision to pierce through the phenomena of things to their soul, *i. e.*, the spirit of Christianity, which appeared to him, on the other hand, in the Church. Almost all of those great painters were musicians, and it is the spirit of music which causes us, while absorbed in the contemplation of their saints and martyrs, to forget that we here *see.*—Still, the rule of fashion came: as the spirit of the Church finally yielded to the artful discipline of the Jesuits, so music, as well as plastic art, became a lifeless artificiality. Now we have followed the wonderful process of the emancipation of melody from the rule of fashion by our great Beethoven, and proved that he, with incomparably individual employment of all the materials which glorious predecessors had laboriously wrested from the influence of fashion, had restored to melody its eternally valid type, and to music itself its immortal soul. With a divine naïveté peculiar to himself, our Master, impressed upon his victory the

seal of the perfect consciousness with which he had won it. In the poem by Schiller which he set to the wonderful closing movement of his Ninth Symphony, he recognised before all, the joy felt by a nature freed from the rule of fashion. Let us consider his remarkable conception of the poet's words:

> "Thy magic unites again
> What Fashion has rigorously parted."

As we have already seen, Beethoven set the words to the melody only as a vocal text, in the sense of a general harmony between the character of the poem and the spirit of the melody. That which we are accustomed to understand by correct declamation, especially in the dramatic sense, Beethoven here almost entirely disregards; he thus causes the verse "What fashion has rigorously parted" to pass before us in the first three strophes of the poem, without any especial emphasis upon the words. But then, after an unprecedented climax of dithyrambic inspiration, he at last conceives the words of that verse also, with complete dramatic passion, and as he

causes them to recur in a menacing, almost furious unison, the word "rigorous" does not suffice for the expression of his anger. It is remarkable that that more moderate epithet for the action of fashion, is only due to an after dilution by the poet, who, in the first edition of his "Hymn to Joy," had printed;—

"What Fashion's *sword* had parted."

Now it seemed to Beethoven too, that this "sword" did not express the right thing. It struck him as too noble and heroic to be used in connection with fashion. So by virtue of his own plenipotentiality he inserted "insolent" instead, and we now sing;—

"What Fashion had *insolently** parted."

Can any thing speak plainer than that remarkable

*In Hartel's complete edition of Beethoven's works, which is so meritorious in other respects, a member of what I have elsewhere designated as the musical "Temperance Society" who was entrusted with the "criticism" of the edition, has eradicated this striking feature (page 260 etc., of the score of the Ninth Symphony), and arbitrarily substituted for the "insolent" of the original edition of Schott, the "highly respectable" and "genteel" expression "rigorous." An accident has just revealed this corruption to me, which, on reflecting upon the motive that prompted it, may well fill us with

artistic occurrence, vehement even to passionateness? We imagine we see before us—Luther in his indignation against the Pope!

It certainly must seem to us that our civilisation, especially as far as it determines artistic Man, is only to be re-animated by the spirit of our music, that music which Beethoven freed from the bonds of fashion. And the task of leading the way in this sense to the new, and more soulful civilisation, which, perhaps, is to shape itself under that spirit, as well as to the new religion permeating that civilisation,—this task can obviously be allotted to German spirit only, which spirit we ourselves shall learn rightly to understand only when we relinquish every false tendency ascribed to it.

But then, how difficult the attainment of right self-cognition is, especially for a whole nation, we now learn, to our real horror, from our hitherto powerful neighbours, the French; and from their example we

shuddering presentiments concerning the fate of our great Beethoven's works, if, in time to come, they are to fall under a species of criticism progressively developed in this spirit.

may well derive serious inducement for our own self-investigation, in which, fortunately, we have but to follow the earnest endeavours of our great German poets, whose fundamental endeavour, conscious as well as unconscious, was this self-investigation.

It must appear to them to invite inquiry, how the German *nature*, which shapes itself so awkwardly and clumsily, was to maintain itself with any degree of advantage by the side of the sure, and lithe *form* of our neighbours of Romanic origin. As, on the other hand, an undeniable superiority, in the depth and warmth characteristic of its apprehension of the world and its phenomena, had to be awarded to German spirit, the question remained always, how that superiority was to be guided to a happy development of national character, and from that onward to a favourable influence upon the spirit and character of neighbouring peoples; while, hitherto, influences of that nature from without had, in a very obvious manner, acted upon us injuriously rather than advantageously.

If now, we rightly understand the two poetical

projects which run through the life of our greatest poet like main arteries, we gain from them the most excellent guidance for the judgment of the problem which that freest of all Germans at once proposed to himself when entering upon his incomparable poetical career.—We know that the conception of "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" occurred altogether at the same period, upon the first superabundant blooming of Goethe's poetical genius. The profound fervency of the thought which filled him, forced him immediately to the execution of the first rudiments of "Faust:" as though frightened by the immeasurability of his own conception, he turned from the mighty project to the more tranquillizing form of the conception of the problem in "Wilhelm Meister." In ripe manhood he also executed that smoothly flowing novel. Its hero is a German citizen's son in search of secure and pleasing form, who is conducted beyond the theatre, through the society of the nobility to a useful cosmopolitanism. He is given a genius which he understands but superficially; "Mignon" is understood by "Wilhelm

Meister" about as Goethe at that time understood music. The poet causes our feelings distinctly to apprehend that a revolting crime is committed against Mignon; his hero, however, is led by him beyond reach of a similar feeling in order that he may receive a fine education in a sphere freed from all vehemence or tragical eccentricity. He causes him to look at pictures in a gallery. Music is made at Mignon's death, and was really composed, afterwards, by Robert Schumann.—It seems that Schiller was revolted by the last book of "Wilhelm Meister;" still, he probably knew of no way to help his great friend out of his strange deviation; especially as he had to assume that Goethe, who, after all had created "Mignon," and called into life for us in that creation a new and wonderful world, must have fallen into a state of distraction in the depths of his soul, from which it was not given to his friend to awaken him. Only Goethe, himself, could awaken himself from that state; and finally—he awoke: for, in quite advanced age he finished his FAUST. All that ever had distracted him, he there comprised in one proto-

type of all beauty: he exorcised up from the realm of shades HELEN herself, the complete and finished antique ideal, and married her to his Faust. But the shade could not be subdued under enchantment; it volatilised into a beautiful, fleeting cloud, which Faust gazed at in thoughtful yet painless melancholy. Only *Gretchen* can deliver him; the early sacrificed one, who continually lives on unheeded in the depths of his soul, reaches him her hand from the world of the beatified. And if, in the manner in which we have employed analogical comparisons from philosophy and physiology in the course of our investigations, we may be permitted now to attempt to give that profoundest of all poetical works an interpretation for ourselves—we understand by "All that is transient is but an allegory," the spirit of plastic art, which Goethe so long and preëminently strove after; but by "The eternal Womanly draws us onward," we understand the spirit of music, which soared aloft from within the profoundest depths of the poet's consciousness, hovering over and conducting him in the path of redemption.

And German spirit, from deepest, inmost experience must lead its people in that path if it will bless the nations as it is called to do. Ridicule us who may, when we attach this infinite significance to German music, we shall as little suffer ourselves to be led astray by that, as did the German people permit themselves to be misled when, in consequence of a well-calculated doubt of their ability to act unitedly, their enemies thought it safe to insult them. And this too our great poet knew when he sought consolation for Germans appearing so trifling and forceless in their demeanour and mannerism, acquired by bad imitation of others: it read,—"Germans are brave."—And that is something.

Now, may the German nation be brave in peace as well; may they conserve their real worth and cast off all false semblances; may they never desire to pass for what they are not, but on the contrary recognise in themselves that in which they stand alone. The pleasing is denied them, but to make amends for that their actual thought and action are heartfelt and sublime. And nothing can more inspiringly

stand by the side of the victories which their bravery has gained in this wonderful year, 1870, than the commemoration of our great BEETHOVEN, who was born to the German nation a hundred years ago. His genius had already begun the noblest conquest in yon domicile of "insolent fashion," towards which our weapons are now penetrating. What our thinkers, our poets, translated only with difficulty, had there uttered unclearly as if with an unintelligible sound, *that* had been aroused in the depths of the soul by Beethoven's symphonies. The new religion, the world-redeeming announcement of sublimest innocence, was already understood there, as among ourselves.

Let us then celebrate the great path-finder in the wilderness of the degenerated Paradise! But let us celebrate him worthily—not less worthily than the victories of German bravery: for to the Benefactor of the World still belongs the precedence before the World-Conqueror.

APPENDIX.

RICHARD WAGNER.

THIS highly gifted composer, who, with his musical dramas, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristran and Isolde*, and *Die Meistersinger*, at present rules almost alone in the theatres of Germany, is also the author of the librettos of those masterpieces, which mark a new epoch. But Wagner is not only a poet possessed of the power of giving, in words and tones, most thrilling expression to the most rapturous as well as the most painful moods of the soul filled with love and devotion, or impetuously agitated—he is at the same time a thinker who, with rare acumen has penetrated to the inmost essential nature of his art, and has discovered, and brought to light, its deepest sources.

Among his works on the philosophy of art, the one published in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birth, engages before all our entire interest. In his Festival Offering entitled "BEETHOVEN," Wagner has not only presented his ideas of the significance of the music of his great predecessor, but has also given us in it an open confession of faith concerning the origin, nature, and aim of music, and, at the same time, the philosophical foundation for a SCIENCE OF MUSIC. He considers the origin of an intellectually animated art in tones, from the utterances of purely sensuous feeling, develops the IDEA OF BEAUTY from the apprehension of an idea manifested by external means, and gives to music the highest power among arts, because it alone is able to touch the inmost chords of the human breast and cause them simultaneously to intone in sympathy. The outer world disappears entirely to the creative musician who is inspired with that power, and he becomes the clairvoyant of an inner world only to be portrayed in tones. He weaves a net of tones around us, removes us from every-

day life, and opens to us also, his magical, inner realms.

The principal form of all music is MELODY, as the source which satisfies all requirements and continually renews itself in richest variety. But that naturally fresh source did not remain unsullied. Under the influence of ephemeral taste, melody, which only affects us when poured forth in simplicity from the heart, was surrounded and overgrown with the most unnatural and repulsive of embellishments and garnishments, until finally Beethoven redeemed it from the sway of changeable fashion, and elevated it to an eternally valid type of pure humanity. The author then illustrates the whole sphere of that composer's activity, pauses to discuss and explain some of his principal works, and concludes with the earnest warning that "our civilisation, especially as far as it determines artistic Man, can only be reanimated by the spirit of our music, which Beethoven emancipated from the bonds of fashion."

C. F. WEITZMANN.

BERLIN, Oct. 20th, 1871.